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### GONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh! how far,
How far and safe, God, dost thou keep Thy saints
When once gone from us?"—*Mrs. Browning.*

Mother, mother, up in Heaven
Where the blessed angels stay,
Can you see us—can you hear us,
Groping o'er the glo my way.
Does it grieve you when you see us,
Weeping all the weary day?

Once we could not call you, mother,
Though we whispered soft and low,
But you heard us, and you ever,
If you cared not, shared our woe,
Soothed and hushed our bitter crying,
If our heads ached ever so.

Now we call you "mother, mother,"
But we call you all in vain;
"Mother, mother," still we call you,
But you answer not again.
And our hearts are wrung with sorrow,
Numb with loneliness and pain,
As we feel that we must call you
Ever, ever more in vain.

EVELYN H.

"WE'VE COME AGAIN, OLD WHITEHEAD," SAID THE TORY.

## THE TORY BROTHERS.

### A Tale of the Delaware Valley

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY BURR THORNBURY.

### CHAPTER VII.

RICHARD DOANE'S MISSION.

Intelligence of the intended movement of the Americans against Trenton had reached Robert Doane early in the evening the march commenced. Spies—pretended patriots—had been with the army at Newtown, and the moment the plan of Washington became apparent, word was communicated to the tory leader. He resolved at once at all hazards to inform the enemy of the coming attack. Richard Doane, of the whole band the best woodsman and the most daring and successful scout, was commissioned to set off in haste toward the river, cross at the risk of his life, and warn Colonel Rahl of his danger. The Americans were already on their way to the Delaware. Which should reach the camp of the Hessians first?—the patriot army, or the tory spy? Across the frozen fields in the rear of the patriot forces, galloped Richard Doane that stormy night. Miles down the country, hidden on the river bank under an over-hanging ledge covered with vines and brushwood, affording concealment even when stripped of their foliage, was a small but strongly-built boat, which had been used more than once before to communicate with the British on the opposite shore. Toward this spot hastened the zealous loyalist, eager to serve the enemies of his country—though he called them its friends and rulers. Oh! that some chance troopers would intercept him, some well-aimed bullet stop him ere he consummates his work of treachery! But no, unseen, unharmed he galloped on and reached the river-side.

It was now quite dark, and the wintry stream rolled before him as it did before the anxious patriots further up. Determined as they, he drew the boat from its place of concealment, turned loose his horse, hoping that it would return and be secured by his comrades, and prepared to cross. Richard Doane was a bold man, but the sight before him, as he pushed his boat upon the ice-clogged river, almost induced him to desist from his perilous undertaking. A moment's hesitation, and with a grim, determined, desperate air he struck out toward the Jersey shore.

For hours he struggled with the ice and current, and then after a dozen escapes from death, he drew his boat up the snow-covered bank, hastily attempted to conceal it, and hurried off toward the lines of the revelling Hessians. After some difficulty, almost exhausted, he reached the outskirts of Trenton.

"Who goes there?" was the challenge that met him when almost in the heart of the camp.

"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign," commanded the sentry.

"I have no countersign, but wish to be taken at once before Colonel Rahl," said the tory, with some impatience.

The fellow stared. What great news could this man bring? Nothing alarming certainly, for there was nothing to be feared.

He wondered if the guard-house would not be the proper place for the new comer.

"I order you to take me immediately to the commandant; I have intelligence of the utmost importance. He must hear it at once," said Doane, impressively.

The sentry, somewhat convinced by his tone and manner that something might be wrong, hesitating no longer, conducted the tory a short distance further and gave him in charge of a small party of men, under the direction of a drunken officer. The fellow was a Hessian, and slow to understand the language of the loyalist. He was moreover, inclined to be self-important, and in an impudent manner undertook the examination of the man before him.

"My God!" exclaimed Doane, "I shall be too late. Conduct me to Colonel Rahl," he appealed to the party.

After more delay, the tory, burning with impatience and anxiety, was at last taken to the headquarters of the Hessian commander. Here other delays occurred. On hearing his story Rahl was disinclined to believe him.

"Impossible," said the Colonel. "Why, the Americans are in no condition to attack, even if they could cross the river, and no body of men could force a passage with the stream filled with floating ice."

"*I* crossed it," replied the tory, with respectful emphasis. "You have little idea of the spirit that animates these men."

Rahl began to look serious. Calling to an officer present, he directed him to prepare the camp for an attack—still incredulous, however, in respect to Doane's representation. The officer turned to leave. It was too late. A sudden firing was heard as if the sentinels were being driven in; it increased, the drums beat, and loud confusion soon filled the Hessian camp. Convinced now that the tory's words were true, and bitterly reproaching himself for his incredulity and carelessness, Rahl hurried to the front. Shaking off the incubus of the night's revelry, which more than anything else had made him so lax and unconcerned when informed of the approaching danger, he dashed forward, vainly endeavoring to arrange some sort of defence. But the hours of this truly gallant officer were numbered; a bullet from an American musket struck him down—and the Hessians seeing their leader fall were more panic-stricken than ever.

The patriots came on like men resolved to win or die. Sullivan had arrived at the west end of the town just as Washington reached the pickets from the north; and both pushed hotly in upon the enemy. Unprepared for effectual resistance, having lost their commander, and feeling that defeat was theirs from the first, the Hessians soon surrendered.

Some sharp fighting took place, but the victory was won with little bloodshed, and it was a victory complete. A body of British horse escaped, but full one thousand men and a great quantity of arms and stores fell into the hands of the gallant little army led by Washington. Never were hearts more glad than when the patriots saw what they had accomplished.

Captain Irvin and Lieutenant Warner were present, and had been foremost in the attack.

"What joy," said they, "when our friends on the other side hear of this." Aye, and what alarm and mortification to the tories—to the Doanes, who had thought that the day of utter defeat to the patriot cause had come. Shortly after the firing had ceased, and the main body of the enemy had laid down their arms, General Mercer addressed Captain Irvin and inquired if his men were ready for further service.

"Anything," was the prompt and cheerful response.

"Then," said the General, pointing to a large house near the river bank, and standing rather apart from the others of the village, "take them with you and pay that dwelling a visit. You will undoubtedly find some more prisoners there."

The young Captain at once obeyed. At the head of his company he proceeded to the house designated by Mercer.

"This is a good day's work, Lieutenant," he remarked to Warner as they went along.

"Thank God that it was so successful," was the reply of the young soldier. "What a time of anxiety it was as we hurried down the river-road. I felt, Captain, if we failed then we should lose everything, but now I am encouraged to think that in the dark hours that may still be ahead there will be no despondency with me, for our cause is sure to win."

"Yes," spoke his comrade, "and this is the spirit that rules us all; and not till the enemy leaves our shores will I put up my sword, even though peace come not for years."

"How glad the Grahams will be when they hear of the victory just won," said the younger officer with a flush of honest, soldier pride, with his thoughts wholly on one of the family.

"Especially Grace," said Captain Irvin, archly.

"Especially Lucy," rejoined the Lieutenant with a meaning smile.

### CHAPTER VIII.

MORE CAPTURES.

As Irvin with his men approached the front door of the house a musket was fired from an upper window, the ball whistling close to the leader's head.

"Oh, ho!" he cried, a little irritated by recent events; "that's dangerous work, however." He ordered his men to surround the house, and then demanded the surrender of the inmates. "Open the door in just two minutes or the house will be burned, and every one in it put to death," was called to those inside.

No reply was made, but after a little time apparently passed in deliberation the door was opened and a portion of the party entered, the remainder guarding the rear windows. A Hessian Captain and thirteen privates were found in the lower rooms and cellar; in an upper chamber two sergeants and four civilians, the latter apparently adherents of the enemy.

"Who fired that shot?" sternly demanded Lieutenant Warner, who was prosecuting the search. The four men looked greatly alarmed, but declared that it had been fired from the adjoining room. This was entered, but found to be empty. After the prisoners had all been secured a further and more rigid examination of the premises was made. A closet was discovered in the attic, which bore evidence of recent occupation—wet foot-marks showing on the floor. No one was found, however. A passage leading to the roof of the house was next explored, and at the top crouched in the gloom under the rafters was a human figure.

"Come down, or I shall order my men to fire," ordered the Lieutenant.

The man descended, looking mortified, but defiant. It was Richard Doane.

"Oh, ho! it is one of our neighbors," cried the officer, recognizing him at once. "This is a dangerous predicament for you to be in. Let us descend."

The party went down to a lower room. Captain Irvin was called and an informal examination of the tory took place.

"You will find it difficult, Richard Doane, to explain to the satisfaction of our commandant, I fear, how you came to be found in the enemy's camp," spoke the Captain. "You are also guilty," he continued, "of firing a shot from the window, evidently intended for me. I am sorry for you, though you are my enemy."

The tory did not reply, only scowling at the officer till his brow grew almost black. He was taken before the superior officers and closely questioned as to his presence in the Hessian camp at such a time. He at first maintained a stubborn and scornful silence, but on being informed that the circumstances of his presence and capture would warrant his execution as a spy and would-be assassin, he broke forth in a torrent of invective against all present. Expecting death, as he knew he deserved it, he acknowledged that he had sought the enemy as an informant of the approach of the Americans.

"I learned your plans," he exclaimed, with bitter hate, "and had my friends—my friends," he repeated boldly, "accepted my warning as soon as they heard it, you would be a beaten, flying band, instead of a momentarily successful one."

This confession was heard with the deepest emotion. How near, after all, might they have been to defeat! With the profoundest gratitude, heaven was thanked that the result had been victory and not disaster.*

The tory was placed under the closest guard and his execution ordered for the following day. It did not take place; for in the haste that attended the movement of the American army to the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware (Washington not thinking it prudent to remain in Trenton) Richard Doane, one of the boldest of men, fertile in daring expedients, with the aid of a fellow prisoner, succeeded in deceiving his guard and in escaping to the enemy at New Brunswick. The fame of his family as relentless opponents of the colonists secured him a hearty reception at the hands of the British, and in his new quarters he planned further evil against his countrymen.

We must now return to the home of the Grahams, who had been left defenceless, (except so far as they might be protected by the surrounding whig families,) the soldiers and patriotic young men of the neighborhood having joined the army to assist in the surprise of the enemy at Trenton.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE MORNING OF THE MARCH.

It was eight o'clock, Christmas Day. In the library of the Graham mansion the owner of the estate was pacing anxiously up and down before the cheerful fire of solid hickory that burned upon the hearth. That he was very uneasy, in spite of the comforts of the surroundings, was evident at a glance. His daughter Lucy entered the apartment.

"Sit down, my child, I must talk with you. I am an old man, or else I would not be chafing here. Important movements of our army have taken place since yesterday. We knew that last night, for all the soldiers have been withdrawn from the neighborhood since yesterday noon. But what does it mean? Does Washington intend to retreat? He certainly is not strong enough to attack."

"God will help us, father," spoke the sweet voice of the noble girl. "Edward told me when he was here last," she continued with emotion, "that he could not see me again for some time. It was only three days ago, you know. I guessed that they had been ordered to join the main body, but he told me that everything was secret, and I did not question him. Oh! I pray that they will succeed—our weakened little army—for defeat would be so dreadful."

At this moment Grace entered the room, looking alarmed and anxious.

"What is it, my daughter?" inquired the old man.

"Seth is in the kitchen, father, and has something to tell you. He looks as if he had been running; he is panting and excited," said Grace.

Seth was a colored servant man who had been sent to a neighbor's, near the river, to learn if there was any news.

"Ask him to come in at once," said Mr. Graham, almost with trembling. He was feeling and had felt that something startling was about to be made known.

Grace was about to go to the kitchen, but at that moment the door opened and Seth came bursting in.

"Couldn't stan' it no longer, Massa Graham," he cried. "Mus tell de news. Dat ar Washington wid all his men cross de ribber las' night, an' de Lor' knows how der gits across it, runnin' full ob ice—an' march down de udder side twice double quick. Dem Britishers is gwine to cotch it, sure."

"Great heaven," cried the old patriot, "has he been so brave as that! God give our men the victory!"

"If it could only be without bloodshed!" faltered Grace, thinking of her lover. "Oh! Allen, where are you?" she cried, as the picture of a battle field rose in her mind.

"Hush, sister," spoke Lucy—the stronger of the two. "Pray only for the victory, though both Allen and Edward fall. What is a land without liberty?"

"I know I am selfish, but I am braver now. Yes, God give them victory at whatever cost," ejaculated the maiden fervently through her tears.

"Oh! this waiting to know the result. Have you anything else to tell, Seth?" inquired the old man.

"Nuthin' more, massa, 'cept folks has heard de firin'."

"Go at once to Poulton's, or wherever you can hear what has happened, and return and inform us."

Seth obeyed, and was soon galloping past the window on a horse that had been purchased since the destruction of the barn, and which was stabled in one of the outbuildings.

"And they crossed the Delaware last night through the cold and darkness and storm, with the stream filled with floating ice and while we were warm abed," spoke the father, looking from the window on the snow-covered ground. "Brave men! will your children ever forget you? or your descendants in any age? If so, then they no longer will deserve liberty."

Hours of anxious waiting passed ere Seth returned. Though an invalid for the time, in consequence of a rheumatic affection, Robert Graham could hardly be restrained by his daughters from venturing out to learn what might be known of the result of the battle.

He was a finely-formed, handsome man, about seventy years of age, his hair and beard as white as snow, and both luxuriant, giving him a venerable and striking appearance. He had first married early in life, but his wife had died, leaving him no children. Lucy and Grace were the children of a second union—formed about twenty-five years before. Had he been as vigorous as he always was up to his sixty-fifth year, old as he was he would have joined the patriot army and served even in the ranks, though he would have made a magnificent officer. As it was, he had done all in his power for his country by giving most liberally of his means, which were large, and encouraging by his voice and pen (for he was a powerful writer, though only a country gentleman,) every resistance to the tyrannous home government. Such was Robert Graham, hastily introduced to the reader before.

Shortly after one o'clock Seth returned, and allayed in a measure the anxiety of the family by saying that the particulars had not been received, but it was thought that Washington was in possession of Trenton, after a short fight in the morning.

An hour later, and a special messenger brought them the glorious news of the defeat and capture of the Hessians. With hearts that could hardly contain their joy, the little family blessed the bearer of the good tidings, and sent him to other patriot homes to inform the people of the victory. And gladness and hope and gratitude reigned where so late all was apprehension and despondency. A lurking anxiety on account of the Captain and Lieutenant remained, but no great cause for uneasiness was acknowledged to exist. It was beginning to grow dusk, with approaching night. Two or three neighbors had called to see the Grahams and exchange congratulations over the success of the late offensive movement against the British. The whigs of the whole county, wherever the news had spread, were very much elated by the victory; the tories correspondingly chagrined and depressed, though they professed to regard the affair as only a temporary check to their friends. Having talked the subject over and conjectured what the next move of both armies would be, the sturdy farmers who had stopped at Graham Grange proceeded to their homes, and excepting Seth, the colored servant, the family were alone—that is, they were without other male attendants. The farm laborers had joined the army a few days before the attack on the Hessians, and were now in the Jerseys. The housekeeper—next to the sisters, who assisted in domestic matters and were virtually chief managers—was an old-fashioned, timid body, who was continually bewailing the turbulency of the times. Her sympathies were with neither party, and her prediction was that both would fight till there was nobody left to kill or be killed. She took a very doleful view of things, and when anything particularly bad occurred, she invariably asserted that this was just the "beginning." When the barn had been

*This is an actual historical incident. Col. Rahl did receive information in the manner described of the intended attack of the Americans, yet he neglected to prepare his command for defence until it was too late.

destroyed she declared that it would be the house next time, and "like enough the folks with it; them Doanes was up to all deviltry"—that was as far as she ever went in profanity—"and liked to warm themselves at their neighbor's burning buildings." Poor old Polly Wesner! things were bad enough, but she took a melancholy pleasure in picturing them worse.

Supper was on the table in the cheerful dining-room, and the family were about to seat themselves at the meal, when the sound of galloping hoofs was heard outside. The housekeeper looked out of the window, stared a moment in rising alarm, then turned to the others and shrieked:

"The Doanes! the Doanes!" the repetition ending in a whisper of choking terror. Mr. Graham rushed to fasten the door, while at the same moment Seth appeared from the kitchen, frightened beyond power of speech. Lucy and Grace, greatly terrified, flew to assist their father, but before the bolts could be thrust to their place the door was burst in and Moses Doane at the head of a dozen desperadoes appeared.

"We have come again, old white-head," jeered the tory. "Evening, girls; your lovers are away, I s'pose," he said, coarsely addressing the sisters.

They replied only by a look of contempt.

"Ah! none of that!" Robert Graham had not thought of resisting by arms at first, but exasperated as a patriot should be by the sneering impudence of the fellow, he had drawn a pistol and would have shot the intruder at the cost of his own life, had not the tory, observing the movement, rushed upon him and borne him to the floor. A blow on the head from another of the gang rendered him senseless.

"Cowards," exclaimed Lucy, with indignation entirely overmastering her terror, "to strike an old man thus." As for Grace she had fainted away at the first moment of the assault on her father, and Seth was bound and lying helpless on the floor.

"We've come for you, young lady," said Moses Doane to Lucy. "Get on your things and be ready to go with us."

"For me?" inquired the startled girl, a new and deadly fear seizing upon her. "You surely do not mean that."

"I am in earnest," he replied. "You go with us to-night, and to a place your rebel friends will be slow to find. It's no love you have for my company, girl, but you'll have to endure it for awhile—perhaps a long while." He looked devilish as he spoke, and Lucy, remembering with loathing and terror his advances towards her as a lover on a former occasion, trembled in spite of her efforts to conceal her agitation. "I see the prospect's not pleasing," continued the tory; "it's very comfortable here, but you must go, nevertheless, and in a hurry too, for we fear some of your neighbors will be giving us trouble soon. Had to knock one of 'em over in the snow just before we got here; they're mighty pleased to-day with something. Old Washington must have made out well last night. We knowed he was on the tramp, and rather thought he'd come back howling. Come, girl," he concluded, "put on your wrappings, or I'll do it for you."

"Do not touch me!" exclaimed the indignant girl.

Grace was reviving, and the tory had observed it. "Now for a scene," he thought. Taking a long cloak from the back of a chair he threw it over Lucy, and then catching her up in his arms carried her to his horse. At first she struggled, but overcome with terror and disgust, she sunk into a deep swoon. His band had been engaged in plundering the house—but a signal from their leader brought them around him, and, mounting, they galloped to the northward, in the direction of the cave. The majority did not accompany their commander far, but soon turned to the left—while Doane, bearing the insensible Lucy, continued on his way with three of his men toward the north.

Nearing the cave they also left him, taking his horse, and on foot by a winding way, mingling his footmarks with those of fox-hunters who had been abroad during the day, he proceeded laboriously through the darkness till the front of the cave was reached. A peculiar whistle brought a quick response. The cavern was entered and his burden deposited on a couch of furs at the farthest corner.

## CHAPTER X.

### A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

On the night of the 27th of December, Washington with his prisoners and spoils recrossed the Delaware into Pennsylvania. Captain Irvin and his company were again detached for irregular service against the hostile loyalists. Directing a number of his men under Sergeant Ely to proceed to one of the upper fords, with the remainder he marched to the neighborhood of Graham Grange, that locality being particularly subjected to raids by the tories, the wealth and known adherence of several prominent individuals living therein to the cause of independence, directing the spite of the king's partisans against them.

It was after midnight when Captain Irvin with his men approached the Grange—they had been among the first to cross from Trenton, and had marched immediately into the country. Knowing the patriotism and hospitality of the owner of the Grange, the young Captain had concluded to halt there till morning, confident that apart from the welcome himself and the Lieutenant would receive, his men would be fed and rested and warmed. And they were weary enough after the late march and battle. As they approached the house they observed that it was lighted up, as if the family had not retired. Could the inmates be aware of their coming, and be waiting to receive them? It was not probable, as no word of their presence this side of the river had been given out. Hastening to the front door, Captain Irvin knocked and asked for admittance. His voice was recognized by Seth, who cried out:

"Oh, Mass'n Cap'n, is dat you? I'se mighty glad you's come, but dere's bad news to tell. Miss Lucy's been carried off, an' Miss Grace is nigh skeert an' worried to death."

"Miss Lucy carried off!" ejaculated the Captain in alarm.

"Yes," answered Seth. "Dem debblish Doanes has been here agin."

Hurriedly entering the house, he was met by Mr. Graham, who gave him the particulars of the outrage, adding that several of the neighbors had gone in pursuit of the villains.

"The dastardly cowards," exclaimed the excited officer. "We must follow them at once, Lieutenant," turning to his friend, who had entered with him, and who was clasping the tearful Grace in his arms. "You will go with me?"

"Immediately," responded Warner, "and no doubt all the men."

"Choose a dozen of the best—they are all good though—a dozen of the youngest," said the young man, "and we will go instantly.

Learning the facts, when a call was made for volunteers, every man heartily responded, but selecting a dozen stalwart young fellows, and leaving the rest to guard the house and refresh themselves for the morrow's duty, the two officers and their comrades set out in the darkness.

With a parting kiss, the Lieutenant had promised Grace that her sister should soon be restored to her, and the weeping girl, almost re-assured by his words, bid him adieu, and then, like the really heroic creature she was, though apt to be at first when danger showed, a little weak and timid, she busied herself in assisting the disconsolate old housekeeper in preparing a warm meal for the tired and hungry soldiers. For two hours she was thus engaged, almost forgetting her grief and apprehensions in the pleasure of feeding the famishing men. Hot griddle cakes by the pile disappeared before them—the best meal the gallant fellows had eaten for many a day.

Meanwhile the search party pressed on. About four miles from the Grange they met a number of the neighbors, who had been in pursuit, returning with no tidings of the abducted one, though they had come upon a small band of tories, and, after a skirmish, caused them to retreat. Nothing was seen of the missing girl, however, among them. Captain Irvin was still resolved to continue the pursuit, and pushed on in the direction of the supposed underground retreat of the tories. After a prolonged but unsuccessful search—though from evidences discovered the conviction was strengthened that the locality explored was the haunt of the marauders—completely exhausted, the party returned with the intention of renewing next day the attempt to rescue the patriot's daughter.

"You have not brought her with you," wept Grace, who was anxiously watching for the appearance of the pursuers. "Oh! that we had been more careful; but in the joy of the recent victory we forgot that we were in danger. Papa is so obnoxious to the Doanes, that I fear they will keep my sister from us long. But they dare not harm her, dare they, Edward?" she eagerly inquired.

"If they add anything to this first outrage," replied the young man, with deep emotion, "I swear that one by one these Doanes shall die at our hands, commencing with the three that we now hold prisoners."

"Come now and refresh yourselves," said Mr. Graham. "It will be well in the end with Lucy, I trust—for this act of the tories, led by Moses Doane, was committed more to pain and alarm me than anything else. They might have destroyed my house as they have plundered it—but it seems to suit their purpose to be malicious in another way."

The men were soon resting after the fatigue and excitement they had undergone. A fresh party being despatched at once to the spot where it was believed the abductor and his gang were concealed.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE RESCUE.

Lucy Graham sat in her strange prison. Outside it was cold and dark—inside, the dismal light made by a wretched lamp was even more cheerless than the natural night. A damp and ghostly gloom was rendered visible, the rocky roof of the cavern showing above like that of a sepulchre. She did not know how long she had been there, but supposed it was about thirty hours. At present she judged it was night, for her captor had just entered the place, after an absence of some hours, and was helping himself to a meal which he had brought with him. She presumed that he had gone at nightfall to thus provide himself, and had now returned for concealment during the approaching day.

She felt little fear of the man, for she had concluded her abduction had been made chiefly to alarm her father and friends, and that no evil was intended against her person.

Though Moses Doane had at one time sought her as a suitor, she did not now feel—though that had been her first fear, that he would endeavor to proceed further in that direction. At the same time her situation was very unpleasant, and a deep sense of the wrong done her filled her bosom.

"Will you share my supper?" said the tory, offering her a portion of the provisions he had brought. "It is rather late—midnight—but I fear you were obliged to make a scanty meal, as our pantry was nearly empty."

Lucy refused the proffered refreshment.

"How long am I to be detained here?" she asked.

"It is a dull place," said Moses, and you don's appear to take much pleasure in your company. Do you wish greatly to be released?"

"An unnecessary question," was the reply.

"Well," the fellow continued, "Rob and me have been talking it over—he was here just before I went out—while you were asleep—and he rather disapproved of taking you at all."

"I am glad he has more manliness than you," interposed the girl.

The tory flushed slightly with anger, but otherwise ignored her words.

"But you see the fact is this—we're out of money, and I thought may be the old gentleman would be willing to give a thousand pounds or so for your ransom. I've sent notice of our terms to him already."

"It was for this then that you have taken me from my home," cried the brave girl. "I hope the bearer of such a message will be sent to Newtown jail where your villainous brother is; that not a farthing of the sum will be paid; but that those to whom I look for rescue will seek you till every brother of your band is shot or hung as you all richly deserve to be; and I will wait in patience here—defying you, Moses Doane, for you dare not harm me—till the day of my deliverance come!"

"Take care, girl; you're a fearless jade, but you had better not anger me too far."

"I know there's evil in you, but you are a coward, too, and you fear me—me, a woman," cried the patriot's daughter.

The tory cowered before her; he could not look in her flashing eyes, for there was a light there that made him feel uncomfortable.

He was about to make a menacing reply when a voice from the front of the cavern called to him in alarm. It was the sentinel's—the only occupant of the place except himself and his prisoner—and the tory turned in apprehension to inquire the cause of the disturbance.

"Look to the other entrance!" cried the man. "We are discovered."

A discharge of rifles followed outside. Lucy heard with joy the reports of the guns, sounding strangely through a distant opening leading outward from the rear of the retreat. This was always left open as it was chiefly used by the band in entering the cave, and in case of pursuit the interior could be reached without revealing the stronghold. It was easily guarded, one man being sufficient to defend it against a hundred. To this passage Moses Doane hastened to prevent the entrance of the attacking party. On reaching it he saw that some one was already entering, and was horrified to find that it was one of his brothers—a peculiar whistle intimating who the intruder was. He had evidently been pursued by those who had fired the shots. He was not yet safe, and Moses called to him to hasten. He was not quick enough; another shot from the outside, and William Doane was wounded and struggling in the narrow entrance. Lucy was now unguarded. Knowing that the two men would be able to keep the besieged at bay for a long time, perhaps till they were driven off by the arrival of the tories in force, she resolved to assist in her own deliverance. Hanging against the wall of the cave she had observed a huge pistol, of which, if it had not been so large and difficult to conceal about her person, she would have already possessed herself. Taking down this weapon she hastily examined it and found it to be loaded.

Meanwhile the wounded man had been caught and drawn outside by the assailants, whose shouts of triumph at the discovery of the tories' retreat and the capture of one of the dreaded brothers, were plainly heard. Moses Doane stood at an angle of the passage, ready, with every advantage to himself, to strike the first man who would be bold enough to attempt to enter. He had discharged his pistols toward the opening, and then retreated to the narrowest part of the entrance, to reach which would be impossible without death to any one attempting it. But he had an enemy to contend with he had overlooked.

"Call to those outside that you surrender, Moses Doane."

It was the voice of brave Lucy Graham.

"Call to them that you surrender," she repeated, "or I fire."

He could not see her in the darkness, but he heard her determined voice. Was ever subject of King George so dangerously situated, with such short notice of danger, before? His fellow-defender could not assist him—the guarding of the front entrance claiming his whole attention.

"Surrender; for the last time I command you."

There was no earthly help for it. There was no mistaking that tone of voice.

"I surrender," he cried to those outside.

"Go out and give yourself up," commanded our heroine.

There was a pause in the confusion, and the voice of Moses Doane was heard entreating the whigs not to fire, and he would come out. He climbed through the opening, and presented himself among them, the picture of a defeated and humiliated villain.

Meanwhile, turning toward the remaining defender, Lucy informed him of the surrender of his superior, and ordered him to give himself up to those in front. Deeming resistance useless, he crawled out and stood by the mouth of the cave. This passage had not yet been discovered, but the appearance of the tory brought instant attention to it. The man was secured at once.

"How many more of you inside?" demanded his captors.

"None but the gal, and she's comin' after me. Oh, but she's a spunky lass," the fellow cried in admiration.

A female figure was seen at the entrance of the cave. The men sprang to assist her out; they drew her gently forth—a weak, fainting form, overcome at last by the terrible excitement of the hour.

When she revived it was in her lover's arms.

"My brave, brave girl," cried he, hardly comprehending all she had done in assisting in the capture of the tory stronghold. When the truth was known, the praise of her heroism was unbounded.

"My noble, noble Lucy, we shall take you for a second Joan, and ask you to lead us against the enemy in the Jerseys."

"Take me home," she murmured; "I am a weak girl still,"

They returned at once, leaving some of the men to explore the cave and unfit it for future occupation by the tories. William Doane died from his wounds, and his brother was conveyed a prisoner to the American camp. And now four of the tory brothers were in the hands of the patriots, and one was dead. But their leader was still at large, and more formidable than ever as a foe, for he now sought revenge.

We will not attempt to picture the joy that attended the restoration of Lucy to her home.

## CHAPTER XII.

### PRINCETON.

The battle of Trenton, it may be safely said, was the turning point of the Revolution—the tide was there turned against the hitherto triumphant invaders. The army of Washington had been looked upon as a mere shadow across the royal way, but now it was found that it was something more formidable. The prestige of the Hessian name was broken; the hesitating militia gave new allegiance to the patriot cause, and strength was gathered in every quarter. The British commander came hurrying back from New York, alarmed at the aspect affairs had assumed, and endeavored to restore matters to their former condition.

After adding largely to the number of his army, Washington, on the 30th of December, again crossed the Delaware. Cornwallis, with his well trained troops, came down upon him, hoping to destroy the adventurous chieftain. But with masterly strategy, after repulsing the attack of the British, the American general, leaving his camp-fires brightly burning to deceive the enemy, marched to Princeton, and fell like a thunderbolt upon the regiments of infantry and the dragoons encamped there. A sharp contest ensued. The first advantage was with the British; then there came a critical moment of the battle, when Washington, rushing into the space between the contending armies, by his personal heroism saved the day, and led his men to a second victory.

Gallant Hugh Mercer fell, mortally wounded, and other brave spirits yielded up their breath on that well-fought field.

Captain Irvin and his company were there and fought bravely till the retreat of the British commenced. Then they joined hotly in the pursuit.

"On, my gallant comrades, on!" shouted the young Captain, leading his men some distance ahead of the main body. Prisoners were taken by the score and sent to the rear. In the ardor of the pursuit, not observing that a troop of dragoons were on their flank, the brave officer led his men too far, and became engaged with a body of infantry that had made a momentary stand. A discharge of musketry put them again to flight, but at the same moment the mounted soldiers sweeping down upon the little band made half of them prisoners before they perceived their danger. The enemy's infantry, seeing this diversion in their favor, turned again and assisted in securing the men who had lately been their pursuers. Captain Irvin and Lieutenant Warner were among the captured. They were hurried from the field, and the next day, separated from the men of their company and taken to New Brunswick.

The victory at Princeton was followed by other movements equally important, though not so distinguished by startling and immediate success. By a series of well-planned and well-executed movements Washington led his army to Morristown, where he established his winter quarters. The mass of the people, sick of British rule and arrogance, and disgusted with the brutality of the Hessians, whose cruelties and outrages were innumerable, gave their aid and countenance to the patriots, furnishing them with provisions and joining them in their expeditions against the enemy. The situation of the British was thus rendered very uncomfortable, their foraging parties were attacked, their communications interrupted, and their men continually harrassed in various ways. And all this after it was supposed that the last embers of the revolution were expiring, almost of themselves, on the wintry shores of the Delaware.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE PRISONERS.

"This is bad for us, Captain," said Lieutenant Warner to his friend, the day after the battle, as they were being taken through New Brunswick.

"I would much prefer to be with our army; but it is the fortune of war, I suppose," was the reply.

"Our country needs us still," continued the Lieutenant, "though thank Heaven her hour of greatest agony seems past. May we not hope to be soon exchanged?"

A sudden movement of his comrade startled him.

"Look there!" said the Captain, in low, earnest tones.

"What is it?" inquired Warner.

"Our enemy, Richard Doane. If he sees us, our imprisonment may be long; for he will have us retained, in revenge for the part we have taken against his brothers, his band, and most of all, himself."

Apprehensive of recognition the two men endeavored to conceal their faces from the tory by looking the other way. But he had discovered them at first. A look of malignant hate and satisfaction showed in his face, but he did not address them nor in any way endeavor to attract their attention. He was in company with a British Lieutenant, whom he soon left, and then went into the house occupied by the officer in command of the place.

"I fear we shall fare ill, with that man aware of our presence as prisoners with the enemy. He has power to do us evil, even to causing our death, for he knows that we have acted as scouts against the British, and he can change the term to *spy*," spoke the young Captain in serious apprehension.

"The man is merciless," said the Lieutenant. "He will never forgive us for the affair at Trenton."

"I told him there that I pitied him; but I fear he has no such feeling for us."

"Our thoughts must now be turned toward *escape*, that is our only hope."

All this conversation had been carried on in low tones, the last words being only a cautious whisper. There were other prisoners both before and behind them, none of their own men however—not soldiers in fact, but obnoxious whigs, who, emboldened by recent events, had shown their hostility to the invaders, thereby causing themselves to be arrested by the exasperated enemy. Among these men the two officers marched, uninterrupted in their conversation by the guards. Leaving New Brunswick they were taken to a British post some miles further on, and thrown into a filthy prison, already crowded with suffering patriots.

In this place they were visited by Richard Doane.

"It is as I feared," said Captain Irvin, as he heard the voice of his enemy speaking to the guard.

"So the tables are turned," sneered the tory, looking in at his late captors.

"We have fallen into the hands of our enemies while fighting for our country," returned the young soldiers, coolly.

"Well," said the loyalist, with a malignant expression of countenance, "it's not likely you will stay here long; I've been recommending you as headquarters."

He paused, and the prisoners caught his terrible meaning.

"Yes," he continued, "*as spies.*"

"It is like you, Richard Doane," spoke Warner; "it is what we expected. We look for no mercy from you, and are prepared to die, if in that way we can serve our country best. It is in her service that we still are."

The tory went away warning them to prepare for their fate.

"We are exposed to an awful danger," said the younger officer, as their enemy departed. "I see no chance of escape, as we are at present strongly guarded, and in a day or two may be examined as spies, and sentenced to death. Doane will no doubt testify against us, and his evidence will be sufficient to condemn us."

"Will our friends hear of the manner of our death, I wonder, if we should fail to escape? Ah! there is no doubt of that. The tory will take care to inform them. But we must not give up yet. If our trial can be delayed for a few days, our prospects may brighten. They are gloomy enough now, but while there's life there's hope. Heaven help those at home, should we perish while their enemies live."

Thus the two communed with each other, mindful of their desperate position, yet not altogether despairing.

The next day, to their surprise, they were removed from their prison and conveyed to Elizabethtown. At that place they were separately confined, though in the same building, as they managed to learn from the guard. Here they remained undisturbed for some weeks, though daily expecting examination as spies at the instigation of their enemy, whom they could not hope would relent. What had become of him? They had not seen him during all this time, and they began to think he had returned to Pennsylvania. It was not so. Richard Doane, not for one moment abandoning his desire for revenge, lay stricken with that loathsome disease, the small-pox, which he had contracted from some whig prisoners whom he had chosen to visit and insult. The contagion appeared, as is known, in the American army, at Morristown, that winter, and though its ravages were checked, numerous deaths occurred from it. This was the explanation of Doane's non-appearance against the two prisoners. He at last recovered, and soon made the fact known to the Captain and Lieutenant.

All this time they had been planning to escape to the American camp, but, closely watched and unable to assist each other, no opportunity had offered. Captain Irvin was soon summoned before a court-martial, and after a hasty and informal trial condemned to death as a spy. The charge was that in the character of a refugee he had crossed the Delaware to the Hessian camp, and obtained information of the numbers and position of that body. The evidence was circumstantial, but was accepted as sufficient, and the young man was sentenced to die the next day. He was remanded to prison to await his fate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871.

"MIDSUMMER."—The poem with this title in THE POST of July 1st, and which was credited to "Marie S. Ladd," should have been credited to "Miriam Earle." It was our mistake.

THE London Times lately mentioned, as a remarkable and unprecedented fact, that a vessel which came into an English port had been saved at sea by a fish. The ship sprang a leak. All the efforts of the crew to discover the faulty plank and stem the torrent which was rapidly sinking the vessel proved unavailing. Suddenly, however, the leak was stayed, and when the vessel came into port a fish was found wedged into an aperture in her stern. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine says: "I remember some years ago being present at the annual celebration of 'Colston's Day' in the city of Bristol. One of the associations which do especial honor to the memory of the philanthropist is called 'The Dolphin Society.' It bears upon its banners the effigy of a dolphin. The same fish is the badge of the Colston School. The story told in connection with it is that once when Colston was at sea on board one of his own vessels, the ship sprang a leak. The merchant, praying God to save the ship, made the propitiatory vow that if he were spared to return home he would devote a large proportion of his wealth to charitable purposes. The pumps immediately began to tell upon the leak. By-and-by the vessel righted herself, and eventually sailed into Kingroad. When she was examined a dolphin was found fairly embedded in a 'stove-in' plank. Colston nobly fulfilled his vow, and adopted the dolphin as his coat of arms. It is many years since the story was related to me by Mr. John Taylor, of the Bristol Mirror. I will not answer for the exact correctness of the details, but my account may be taken as a sufficiently close version of the original story. It is only another illustration of the numerical strength of the family of precedents. There is nothing new under the sun."

HOW ABOUT THAT SOAP-GREASE BUTTER? A correspondent of the "Liberal Christian," who is a little out of patience with the Eastern people, says:—

"A friend said to me the other day: 'I have just returned from attending the National Dairyman's Convention. We discussed the frauds practised by certain firms and men in making butter out of common soap-grease and selling it for the genuine article made out of cream. Now, it is a fact,' said he, 'that every New England dairyman voted against exposing these frauds, and all our Western men voted in favor of exposing them. They said it will hurt our trade to have them exposed, showing pretty clearly that they were implicated in them, and were afraid to have the truth known about this matter.' Said he: 'I was amazed at the utter want of moral principle in those men which that discussion brought to light; and, as a New England man, I was deeply mortified and ashamed.'"

☞ Among the piquant aphorisms upon the somewhat shaky topic of credit may be mentioned Lord Alvanley's description of a man who "muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen's bills;" Lord Orford's definition of timber: "An excrescence on the face of the earth, placed there by Providence for the payment of debts;" and Pelham's argument that "it is respectable to be arrested for debt, because it shows that the party once had credit."

☞ The Cincinnati Gazette sensibly thinks that the great need of the country is not schools of the fine arts, but of the mechanic arts; schools to train boys and girls to earn a living. The great educational problem is how to direct school education to the great necessity of labor. And one of the greatest labor problems is, How shall the rising generation learn the trades they must follow for a living?

☞ A California lady gave offence to one of the party accompanying the English High Commissioners, who was speaking of the Golden State. "Aw, yes," said the gentleman, "fine place, no doubt, but should'n't care to live there, you know. You have earthquakes there, and they are such shocking nuisances." The lady laughed, and said to a bystander: "What an excellent joke! He calls earthquakes 'shocking nuisances.'" "Madame," said the supposed wit, moving away with offended dignity, "I never pun."

☞ Two married ladies chatting about their husbands. "What," says one of them, "you permit your husband to smoke in your rooms?" "Certainly I do—but he spends his evenings with me," replied the other. "Yes, at that price!" "My dear friend, a shrewd wife avails herself of her husband's faults to repress his vices."

☞ A Philadelphia young lady appeared at the ball at Cape May on the Fourth of July, in a dress made entirely of waste lace, which was purchased in Brussels at a cost of about $7,000. It is kept in an air-tight case, and the sunlight is never allowed to fall upon it.

# ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A SHIPWRECK.

It was a gloomy day in Linthorp; the clouds were heavy, and only the high wind kept off the rain; the waves were rolling up against the sides of the pier, and dashing against the sea-wall—rolling, leaping, or coming in wild sweeps, that suddenly rose up in showers of spray, and thundered over with a slow, booming roar, as though the working of the heaving waters was painful and difficult.

Yet, despite the dullness of the weather, people were all astir in the town. John Carteret at his window saw the groups hurrying along the quay—men, women, and all, making their way in one direction.

He went down-stairs, and out into the street, to see what was the matter.

"They're going to see the vessel that struck on the rocks last night. They say she'll go to pieces with this tide."

John Carteret followed the stream. He did not exactly know why, but a curious impulse seized him to look upon the destruction of the vessel. He found the pier thronged with people, who had flocked from all parts: sailors, and perchance the crew of the fated vessel, had assembled to see the end of it. Boys had clambered up on every available point, and were running along the top of the wall like squirrels, regardless of the fact that one lurch would send them into the seething waters, from which escape would be impossible. Fashionable visitors, too, were there, who had made an effort to come down for the sake of a little excitement.

Lady Peckford, wrapped in a waterproof cloak, stood near one of the embrasures, into which a tall, handsome girl had mounted, in order to obtain a better view of the luckless barque.

"It's quite an excitement for one," said Lady Peckford, as John Carteret came up to her. "There were two of them; they missed their way in the fog last night, and got upon the rocks. One of them has already gone to pieces; you may see the tips of the masts just above the water."

John Carteret looked in the direction to which she pointed; and in the midst of the great leaden billows, he saw the last fragments of the vessel that had so lately sped as a white-winged bird over the waters. Then he looked along the waves to where the other vessel yet beat about, as if striving for life against the breakers.

"She can't last long," said Lady Peckford. And as she spoke, a crack was heard, one of the masts tottered and trembled, and finally fell across the deck.

"Hooray!" shouted the little boys, as though sympathising with the victors in the strife.

"Horrid little creatures!" said Lady Peckford. "For my part, I feel as if the vessel were alive, and we were watching her death-throes."

"They are carrying out the satirist's apothegm, that it is in our natures to rejoice at the misfortunes of others," answered John Carteret.

"Look, look!" exclaimed Lady Peckford, as a muddy stream seemed to pour from the the deck. "What is it?"

"It's the grain that was stored in the hold," replied a bystander. "She's nearly gone; the other mast can't hold another minute."

There was a hush among the watchers; they strained their eyes, as though they feared the wreck would vanish ere they could see the end.

John Carteret bent forward as eagerly as any one. Wave after wave broke over the dismantled vessel; she turned hither and thither with every fresh shock; her power of resistance was becoming every moment feebler.

No one spoke, no one moved; each gazed steadily over the gray sea that moaned and roared below, and ever and anon cast up showers of blinding spray.

At last it came. Another crash, and the second mast fell; the vessel filled and sank, and only a spar or two indicated the place where she had gone down.

And again another shrill "Hooray!" arose from the boys, clinging about the pier.

And then the silence was dispelled, and men and women found their voices, and talked and laughed as usual; and the clatter of their footsteps sounded noisily along the stone pavement as they hurried townward.

John Carteret did not speak: there was something jarring and discordant in the life that made itself manifest after the death-like hush.

Yet it was perhaps natural; for life and death are so nigh together, that the ordinary mind scarce realizes the solemnity of either.

"I wish there was a wreck every day," said the young lady near whom Lady Peckford had been standing, as she sprang down from her elevated position. "I haven't enjoyed anything so much for a long time. Ah! Mr. Carteret," she said, perceiving him for the first time, "you are as fond of sight-seeing as the rest of us. Was it not very exciting?"

"More so than I at all expected, Miss Wardlaw. I had no idea one's sympathies could be so awakened for anything inanimate. There was something quite mournful in it.

"Mournful!" repeated Miss Wardlaw. "I cannot say I thought it mournful. There was no one on board. All the people came off in boats last night. Of course, if any one had been drowning it would have been different. I should have gone home, and have tried not to think about it, as one could do no good."

The latter words of her speech grated on John Carteret, even as the sounds of the people dispersing had done; and yet it was human nature again, in another phase—the driving away aught that disturbs or distresses the mind. To face and grapple with fate or sorrow requires a touch of divinity.

"You will smile, Miss Wardlaw; but I found myself looking upon the poor vessel as a living, sentient being," said John Carteret. "Every effort she made, every blow that struck her, every creak and shiver, reminded me of a human being in distress; or perhaps I was carrying on a sort of allegory that made it so appear to me. I can quite understand how the old Northern poets came to endow the ships of their heroes with living power; how the good vessel that bore St. Olaf to his kingdom worked in unison with her master's will, and how the dragon-ships could smite the monsters that rose up to stay their course. But it appears to me that everything that works in docile harmony with the hand of man has a certain power of life in it—steam, machinery, what you will, anything that carries action with it; and the very fact of calling a ship 'she' suggests this idea. In some countries, a railway train is invariably spoken of as 'Her' by the country people, as though 'it' were not applicable to a body moving apparently without a living agency. I think it must be a suggestion of life that underlies their form of speech."

"You must live in a sort of fairy land, Mr. Carteret, with such odd notions," answered Miss Wardlaw. "Are you not afraid of becoming heterodox?"

"Not at all; the nearer one lives to nature, and to the throbs of humanity, the more orthodox one becomes."

Miss Wardlaw did not comprehend his speech, therefore she answered—

"I am afraid you are not quite orthodox, Mr. Carteret."

"What is orthodoxy, Miss Wardlaw?"

"Believing everything that there is no doubt about its being right to believe," she replied, promptly.

John Carteret smiled.

"A very comprehensive definition, Miss Wardlaw, if one could apply it. But how are we to decide upon the everything that is to be included in the list of orthodox things?"

Miss Wardlaw looked up surprised.

"I thought all clergymen knew—that is, that all they read and studied made them understand exactly—what was orthodox and what was not. Even Mr. Smithson was quite orthodox, papa said, only a little vulgar. Mrs. Smithson was, too, for she always agreed with mamma and me."

"Well, then, you must define your views for my edification, and then I shall know whether I am orthodox or not, by their agreement with mine."

Miss Wardlaw was perplexed.

"I don't trouble myself about views," she answered. "I believe what papa believes, and what the Church believes, and what all who are right in their belief believe; and therefore, of course, I am orthodox."

And Miss Wardlaw felt she had answered John Carteret with an incontrovertible argument. Perhaps she had, for he made no reply to it; and they walked along the pier in silence—John Carteret's thoughts wandering away to Di, in her ignorant probings after the true, the wonderful, and the unseen, with her doubts, and her antagonisms, and her odd fancies; and he felt that she was no more ignorant than the girl beside him, tutored as she had been in all the prescribed routine of so-called orthodoxy, without one natural skepticism or thought having been brought to bear on the subject.

Miss Wardlaw had acquired her belief, as she had done her syntax rules, because it was a part of her education—but without inquiry, without understanding—simply as a matter to be gone through, and that did not involve any further progress.

"How the wind blows," said Lady Peckford, as they gained the shelter of the road leading to the upper ground. "What a relief it is to find one's self away from the water. I should not like to be out at sea to-night. I wonder the steamer started for Tarnside."

"Yet there were a great many passengers on board—the deck was crowded," replied Miss Wardlaw.

"People will risk a good deal for pleasure," said John Carteret; "it's the regatta at Tarnside to-morrow."

"Ah, that is the reason! I had quite forgotten the regatta. But I scarcely think even it would induce me to have ventured," returned Miss Wardlaw.

"Besides, the captain would not have started had he apprehended danger. He would not put out to sea yesterday."

"Nevertheless," said Lady Peckford, "one's fears would be the same; but then, I am a great coward, and have always had a horror of drowning. You will come in to dinner," she added, abruptly turning to John Carteret; "seven is my hour—and the Lovells and Welbye are coming. I can't get through the evenings without society. And you will come too, and bring your music," and she turned to Miss Wardlaw.

"Not to dinner. But I can come in for an hour in the evening."

"Now, you certainly cannot refuse," said Lady Peckford to John Carteret, who had said nothing. "You have always missed hearing Miss Wardlaw sing, and you do not know what a treat it is."

"The temptation is great," replied John Carteret; "but I am not sure that I can avail myself of your invitation."

"Nonsense—what excuse can you possibly have? No one is ill in the congregation, and you must have written your sermon, for this is Friday."

"No, I have not."

"Well, you can write it to-morrow, and I shall expect you."

They had mounted the steps, and reached the upper ground, and were not far from Lady Peckford's door.

"I am afraid I can't promise."

"I will not listen to any excuses."

"But—"

"No—I shall expect you. And now, will you see Miss Wardlaw home?"

"With pleasure."

Lady Peckford looked after Miss Wardlaw and her companion for a moment, before she entered the house.

"Mildred Wardlaw is really a very handsome girl—and she looked particularly well to-day," mused Lady Peckford. "I'm not sure that John could do better, since there's the chance come up of the Clarendon property falling in. The Wardlaws have certainly been very fortunate. I must do what I can, and keep the thing in play until something better turns up. I wish she wouldn't try subjects beyond her range—for any one can see that her forte is not the intellectual—and John Carteret's clever enough not to see it. Perhaps it doesn't matter—for men don't's care whether girls have any sense or not. He must think her handsome. It's almost a pity that she's fair—for, as he's light himself, he would be more likely to take a fancy to some one dark. I wonder if the mythic personage is light or dark! I don't much believe in her—at any rate, he's not fretting after her—for he's willing, as far as I can see, to be agreeable to every one. Probably he sees the superiority of the girls here to the rustic beauty—if she is a beauty. And, of course, she can't sing as Miss Wardlaw does—who has had the best instruction—and John Carteret has a good idea of music. Yes, he is sure to admire her singing. Then, she looks even better at night than she does in the day. Thirty thousand pounds certain at her father's death! And he is decidedly beginning to fail. And this Clarendon property will be quite as much—if not, as report says, a great deal more. I must consider before I throw away the chance. I should like John to marry well. What is he to do if he does not meet with a fortune?"

And Lady Peckford went to dress for dinner.

## CHAPTER XV.

### PROPHETIC.

The storm that had visited Linthorp was felt with even greater force at Broadmead. Through the dreary day, the rain had beaten against the windows; and the wind had swayed the great branches of the almost leafless trees, until they seemed like sylvan arms, outstretched in helpless struggles with the enemy. The oaks were mighty in their years of sturdy growth; but stronger came the raging wind, whose dwelling-place man knows not—rushing along upon the wings of death—so it seemed to Diana—shrieking and wailing with a voice that spoke to her of sorrow and decay. "Oh wind, Oh wind!—whence comest thou, and whither goest thou, and what hast thou to tell to men?"

For, from her earliest years, Diana had invested the wind with an ideal being, with a twofold nature—one that swept by in wrath and destruction; one that came lovingly, and kissed the flowers, and brought sweet whisperings of a far-off country that spoke of peace and happiness and ever-glorious youth.

To-night, as she lingered over the fire in her sitting-room, she knew that it came to her in wrath. The beams in the old ceiling creaked, and the trees between her window cracked, as though some demon's axe were splitting them asunder.

Diana shivered. She had a strong tendency towards a belief in the supernatural. She held fanciful theories, that were partly the result of a somewhat morbid childhood, and partly of her imaginative nature. She had lived in an atmosphere of ideal bounds and idealisms of all kinds; possibly the remnants of old legends she had heard in eastern lands, whose brighter picture-coloring had died out, and left but a shadowy outline. Everything with her was a living power—the wind most of all, since it had a voice whose intonations she had often tried to interpret.

Perhaps there could be heard in it the voices of lost spirits, waiting to those upon the earth, and warning those they loved to flee from the wrath to come. To-night, amid the fiercer gusts of wild, fierce passion, she seemed to hear a note that sounded clear above all others—though it was lower, deeper, and scarce so despairing in its tone.

And a strange fancy came over her that John Carteret was sending her a message on the storm. Why should it not be that, through the medium of nature, soul should communicate with soul? He might be thinking of her, as she was of him; and so the wind had caught up his soul-utterances, and had borne them to her. Were not all so linked together in this great universe, that it was impossible to say where the chain ended, or what force there was without the range of mortal comprehension that bound the earth with other laws than those we call rational?

She had drawn her easy-chair close up to the fireplace, and, wrapping a great cloak around her, she sat, half-shuddering as the fresh gusts struck against the casement, making it rattle as though some unseen power were trying to force the windows from their frames. Closer she drew to the fire, and placed her hands over her ears to prevent hearing the blast, that sounded to her like unnatural bursts of laughter, as of demons triumphing over the struggling souls of men. Wilder it grew, until she almost felt the breath of unseen revellers on her cheek—cold and piercing. And then the undertone that she had heard before wailed out—

"Lost! lost!"

She shuddered. Everything was growing so strangely real around her. The shadows that flickered in the firelight assumed fantastic shapes, stretching out long, skinny arms, and beckoning to her with misty fingers. The tapping of the rain against the window-panes no longer seemed accounted for by natural causes, but rather was the hand of some weird banshee praying for admission. Then came the creaking, sighing of the waving trees, the clatter of some loosened tile upon the roof, the sudden flash of lightning, and the heavy rolling crash of the thunder—all chiming into the spirit-chorus of the storm, that grew wilder and wilder; and still above it, forever, sounding in sad, clear tones, Diana heard—

"Lost! lost!"

So real it became at last, that Diana, as though wailing out for help, cried out—

"John! John!"

For an awful fear had seized her. She had heard of those in their death struggle having the power of communicating with those they loved, through some inexplicable psychological link. Dolly had told her many a story of how a message had mysteriously come, or even the loved one had appeared, at the very time of death. And Diana had listened, and had believed; for it suited her nature to believe in the ineffable connection of the soul element throughout creation—the breath of God breathed forth through all, and uniting all.

It was longer than usual since Diana had heard from John Carteret, and she had been anxiously pondering over the cause, and framing theories as to why he had not written; and now a sudden dread came over her. Surely, if he had been in health, he would not have left her so long without a word of help or comfort. There must be some great reason to prevent his writing to her. Perhaps he was dying—was even dead—and the message had come to prepare her for the tidings.

"John! John!"

And still the storm-voice seemed to answer—

"Lost! lost!"

Louder, again, her cry arose, ringing clear over the raging elements—

"John!"

And at that instant came a mighty crash—louder, it seemed to Diana, than even the rattling thunder—so close, that it seemed as though the roof were breaking in above her. The room rocked, and a great cloud of smoke puffed out from the fireplace.

For a moment she was as one paralyzed. Then gathering the cloak around her, she sprang up, and fled down stairs along the passages: she could not be alone any longer.

Jasper had been sitting up late, reading in the library, as was his custom; and the remainder of the household, though they had retired to rest, were not in bed—the storm was too furious for them to sleep through. So the maids had congregated in one of the rooms, and the men were sitting listening in the servants' hall, not knowing what might happen.

As Diana sped along the still lighted passages, intending to go to Prime, who slept in the next room to her mistress, Jasper—who, at the crash, had started from his studies—met her.

He was half startled as he caught sight of her—she looked so like a spirit, with her eyes distended with horror, and her yellow hair streaming over her shoulders.

"Di!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Jasper, is it you?" for she had not, in her terror, perceived him. "I am so frightened," and she crouched up to him. "What is it? Did you hear it?" she asked.

"Poor child, how you are trembling. Of course I heard it. I was going to see what it was."

"Then it was something earthly," said Diana, abstractedly.

"Earthly! certainly, Di. You are dreaming!"

"It is the storm," she said, shivering; "it is very awful. What a night it must be at sea!"

Instinctively her thoughts turned to the sea, as though they must be near to where John Carteret was.

So was clinging to Jasper's arm—for it seemed as though she could not be alone

"Let me go with you, Jasper. It was near my room. I thought the roof was coming in. I can go—only—only—everything is turning round—Jasper—"

The hold upon his arm relaxed; and if he had not caught her, she would have fallen. He lifted her in his arms, and carried her towards his mother's room. She seemed no weight, she was so slight and fragile. Poor Di!—she had grown thinner; and there was a sharpened look in her white, still face, as the light of one of the lamps fell upon it. His heart smote him; and he bent his head, and gently touched her forehead with his lips.

"Poor little Di!"

The touch slightly roused her.

"John!" she faintly murmured.

A frown came over Jasper Seaton's brow, and his heart grew hard again. The word had steeled him against any compassion for her, and silenced any compunction on his part. All pity centred in himself. He carried her rapidly along the long gallery.

"Mother!" he said, Di is almost frightened to death; she has fainted."

Prime opened the door—her mistress had not dared to be left—and she and Prime were listening in mortal terror to the storm. They had heard the noise above, but were too much alarmed to stir.

Jasper laid Diana on the sofa.

"What was it Jasper?" asked Mrs. Seaton, her teeth chattering.

"Fright, I suppose," answered Jasper, thinking only of Diana. "Poor child! Here, Prime, have you no salts? She's coming a little to herself."

Diana opened her eyes.

"It will go off now," she said, and her eyes glanced inquiringly round the room, as if she could not quite understand how she had come there.

Just then a loud shriek was heard; and in another instant one of the maids rushed frantically into the room.

"The chimney has fallen in, in Miss Diana's bed-room. She's killed! she's killed!" and Hester's voice was lost in her choking sobs.

At that moment she perceived Diana, who had half risen, looking more like a ghost than a human being; the cloak falling away from her, and her white dressing-gown flowing round her. The girl believed she had seen her apparition; and hiding her face, she gave another shriek.

Prime—roused from her fears by the matter-of-fact solution of the alarm, and by her knowledge of Diana's safety—went up to the girl, and seizing her arm a little roughly, said—

"Be quiet with your nonsense. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Don't you see that Miss Diana's all right, and she hadn't gone to bed at all?"

Whereat Hester—who was Dolly's sister, and consequently given to superstitious beliefs, even as Dolly had been—cautiously looked up again, and seeing that Diana had not vanished—as she would have done had she been a ghost—became satisfied, and began to cry hysterically.

Prime pushed her out of the room; and Dolly, recovering herself, returned to tell the other servants—who were huddled together in mute horror outside the door of Diana's apartments—that Miss Ellis was safe in the mistress's room.

"The Lord be praised!" ejaculated the cook.

"Amen!" responded Thomas.

The "Amen!" seemed to rouse the servant's from the stupor of fear into which they had been cast, and a simultaneous sobbing ensued. Diana was a favorite with them all—perhaps they scarcely realized how great a one, until death having passed so near her, had shown them the place she had in their hearts.

"It's right enough for to-night sir," said Thomas to Jasper. "The old chimney's been a little rickety this long time, but no one would have though of danger. It's been a narrow escape, according to human speaking; but there's been a mysterious and merciful Providence at work, sir."

Jasper Seaton was not disposed to indulge in meditations of the kind; but a chill ran through him as he thought of the escape Diana had had.

"She shall never sleep up here again," he said to himself.

Hester was already preparing one of the rooms down stairs for Diana.

"It won't do to leave Miss Ellis to-night, Hester," said Jasper, pausing at the door.

"No, sir."

He knocked at his mother's door.

As he came in, Diana was saying,

"I think I shall have Hester to sleep in the room with me. I know it's very foolish, but the storm has made me feel quite ill."

"Prime, you had better see about the room, and about Hester," said Mrs. Seaton.

"It is all done," answered Jasper; "and you may all sleep peacefully now, for the storm is blowing over. Good-night, mother—good-night, Di."

"Good-night," replied Diana, wearily.

"Jasper thinks of everything for you, Diana," observed Mrs. Seaton, as her son left the room.

"He is very good to me. I think he must be the best guardian any one ever had."

Prime had moved to the other end of the room, and Mrs. Seaton hesitated for a moment whether she should speak the words that were on her lips; but she deemed it wiser to leave them unspoken. So she answered coldly, in a low tone—

"Do you, indeed! I fancied that you did not appreciate him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ THE PEACH.—The peach was originally a poisoned almond. Its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and the fruit was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transplantation and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

☞ Isn't it queer that *contractors* should be employed to widen streets?

☞ Iron telegraph poles have been substituted for wooden ones on the line between Berlin and Potsdam, and along the railway from Weissenfels to Gera, with such satisfactory results, that it is now proposed to introduce them on all Prussian telegraph lines. In Switzerland they have also been satisfactorily tried. It is claimed that they will last so much longer than wooden ones that they will be cheaper in the end, while they are much more pleasing to the eye.

☞ A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper attempted to interview one of Brigham Young's wives the other day, but she quietly dismissed him, saying: "I will have nothing to do with you. I am perfectly contented. I get everything I need, and have an easy, pleasant life. Clear out!"

R. R. R.

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**A Few Words to the Ladies.**

Many ladies, particularly mothers nursing, complain of a tired, listless feeling, or complete exhaustion, on arising in the morning. On the wife and mother devolves the responsibility of regulating the duties of the household. Her cares are numerous, and the mental as well as the physical powers are frequently called into requisition. She often finds her slightest occupation a weary task and existence a burden, while at the same time she has no regular disease. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, if resorted to at this period, will prove an unfailing remedy for this annoying lassitude. The effects of this potent agent are soon seen in the rosy cheek and elastic step of the head of the family, as with restored health and renewed spirits she takes her accustomed place in the family circle. If this friend in need be regularly used, those depressing symptoms will never be complained of, and not only would lassitude not be experienced, but many diseases following its advent be avoided. As a medical agent it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing, and efficient. All who have used the Bitters attest its virtues and commend it to use. july1-4t

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**The Prettiest Woman** in New York society, last winter, was a rough-skinned, freckled-faced lady in Dayton, O., but one year ago. She used Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon her face and hands with such persistency, that her complexion became her greatest attraction. It will do the same for any one. It will obliterate Sallowness, Moth-patches, Ring-marks, Sunburn, &c., give a marble-like complexion, and perpetuate the bloom of youth for years. What the Magnolia Balm is to the complexion, Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon is to the hair. It not only beautifies the hair, but stimulates its growth, and prevents it from falling out or turning gray. All Druggists keep these articles. jy15-1m

**Interesting to Ladies.**

I have used the Grover & Baker Machine almost constantly *for eleven years*, doing all kinds of sewing on it, from the finest cambric ruffling to the heaviest English beaver cloth. I find it invaluable for hemming, Felling, Braiding, Binding, Gathering and everything in general that fingers can do. I prefer it over all others on account of its simplicity and durability, and could not be induced to use any other kind. MRS. J. OPHELIA LEASE,
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## MILLY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

On the slope or at the lea,
Little Milly you would find her;
Oft on summer afternoon,
With the sunset soft behind her.

Sometime Harry, proud and high,
Owner of these lands around her,
Hastening homeward with his game,
On the slope had singing found her.

And the maid's blue, smiling eyes,
And her low and cheerful laughter,
Had a magnet's power which drew
Harry lea-ward often after.

Seeking, then, to win her love,
He but found her cold and shy,
Ofttimes when he came to seek her,
She from out the field would fly.

And the reason he would know
Of the change when she was near him,
Had she for him such dislike,
Or, he asked her, did she fear him?

"Yes," said Milly, "yes, I fear you,—
Mary Davis was my friend;
Young Squire Hartley all the summer
Sought her footsteps to attend;

"And at last when Mary loved him,
Then he said that they must part,
Soon he left her, wed another,
And it broke her trusting heart."

With her head bent down and blushing,
These were all her low replies,
Low, but fully were they spoken,—
Little Milly, true and wise.

Quickly then her lover said,
"Maiden, I would give my life,
Could I make your own but happy,
And to call you, some day, wife;

"I, of men, would be the proudest,
And my love should never wane.
All my heart would beat with pleasure,
Though it, now, but throbs with pain."

How could she resist believing
High-bred Harry at her feet,
Earnest, loving, and she listened,—
Little Milly, true and sweet.

Doubts no longer can disturb her,
She sits happy at his side,
Blue eyes smiling cheer upon him,—
She is now young Harry's bride.

## THE SHADOW OF A GHOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY CLIO STANLEY.

"Do you believe there are really any ghosts at the old house, Geoffry?" said Rosy Moore, as she rested one hand on his shoulder and looked down into his face with puzzled eyes.

"Of course there are ghosts," said Geoffry, meditatively. "There never was a deserted house that didn't harbor at least *one*. The only question is has anybody seen it?"

"Pshaw!" said Aunt Nell, crossly; "don't put nonsense into the child's head, Geoffry!"

"Leroy says—" broke in Rosy eagerly; but at the dark look which Geoffry bent on her face, she paused in confusion.

"Well," said Geoffry, disdainfully, "*what* does Mr. Mills say?"

"He says he has *seen* a ghost flitting about the old house after nightfall, and he thinks it is the ghost of a woman."

"If it had been the ghost of a *man*, said Geoffry Lee, tossing his book to the table, and turning so as to face his pretty little cousin, Rosy Moore, "he would have been afraid of it."

"I don't believe he is any more a coward than you are, Geoffry Lee; but if there *is* a ghost there, I mean to see it!"

And Rosy walked away to the window, and flattened her little nose against the glass to watch for Leroy Mills.

"You are a stupid fellow, Geoffry," said Aunt Nell under her breath, "and Rosy is a goose! If you want the child to love you, don't begin by abusing any of her other admirers."

Geoffry caught the whisper, and getting up, followed Rosy to the window.

"Who are you looking for, Rosy?" he asked in a pleasant voice, standing close beside her, and smoothing down the shining curls of hair which clustered above her fair, sweet brow.

"I am looking for Mr. Mills," she said, blushing faintly; "and I wish you wouldn't rumple my hair."

"Have I rumpled it, dear? I am sorry. Let me smooth it again, then."

And waiting for no permission, he drew her away from the window, and putting his soft, white hands against her blushing cheeks, kissed the brown curls lightly, twice—thrice, and then went away without a word.

Rosy opened her blue eyes to their widest extent as she looked after him, and drew a long breath as she turned back to the window.

"But he is only my cousin," she murmured softly to herself.

I think Geoffry Lee would have given a good deal to have known what came before that "but!"

The light died away in the little sitting-room, and Rosy went to the piano and began to flutter over the loose leaves of music.

"Sing me something," asked Aunt Nell, from the shadowy side of the room.

"Why, aunty, are you here? I thought you went out long ago with Geoffry. Shall I sing you the song *he* loves best?"

And before Miss Lee could reply, the sweet voice rose clear in the twilight air, while the little hands made melody with the song on the pearl keys of her Erard.

"That is the most enchanting music I have listened to this summer," said a gay voice at her side, and Rosy looked up into the sparkling eyes of Mr. Leroy Mills.

"But I wasn't singing it for *you*," she faltered with a blush. "That was for Aunt Nell!"

"Let me thank you in her name, then," he continued softly. "She went out of the room just as I came in."

"That isn't like her, to slight my song. But I guess you frightened her away."

"*I* frighten her, my dear Miss Moore! Pray, tell me how!"

"She thinks you carry a ghost about with you," said Rosy, laughing, "or the story of a ghost! And Aunt Nell don't believe in them."

"Do you?" he asked with an eager glance.

"I don't disbelieve in them."

"Have you enough curiosity about the matter to go with me to the old house and watch for one?"

"Can we get in? I thought the house was shut up."

"We can make the attempt at least. I used to wander about the house as often as I liked when a child, and I know its weakest point."

"But who lived there then? Not Mr. Thorley?"

"No. Old Deacon Grey owned the house, and only sold it to Mr. Thorley seven or eight years since, when he moved out west."

"I will go if you can get any one else to go with us," said Rosy, after a moment's thought.

"There is Lida Carlton and Nelly Ray, both of them friends of yours, who will surely go. And perhaps Miss Carlton's brother will go."

"Yes, of course," said Rosy decidedly, "and Joe Hosford, and Geoffry.

Yes," said Mr. Mills, looking a little less pleased, "Mr. Lee is a cousin of yours, is he not?"

"I call him my cousin, because then I have a right to make him wait on me," Rosy answered, laughing merrily. "In reality, you know, he isn't the least bit related to me."

"I was mistaken then. I had supposed you were own cousins."

"Oh, that is because we both belong to Aunt Nell."

"I hope you will always remember that, Miss Rosy," said Miss Lee, coming in from the piazza, where she had been sitting with Geoffry, "and do credit to my bringing up."

"Don't I always behave well?" said Rosy, with a pretty pout on her red lips.

"Always. Good-evening, Mr. Mills."

"Oh! where did you come from, Geoffry?"

"From the tent of the Twilight gray,
Where witches love to stay!"

"If the spell is on you, tell me what we have been talking about."

"About ghosts of dead folks. I am certain. Have you found out anything new?"

"No, but we will to-morrow night. Mr. Mills can let us into the old house, and we shall see what a ghost is like."

"I believe you are crazy, child! What do you want of a ghost?"

It was Aunt Nell, of course, who asked the question.

"Nothing Aunty; but to see if it will want anything of *me!*"

And so it happened that the merry group of young people found a way into the old house of Deacon Grey, the next night; and throwing the shutters back on their rusty hinges, let in a flood of moonlight, through which gleamed the old-fashioned gables; the garden paths, with bits of scarlet blossoms showing among the weeds; and a narrow path winding in and out under the oaks, where the ghost was said to walk.

Leroy Mills had established himself on the sofa by Rosy; Joe Hosford and Lida Carlton were walking up and down the room, humming a new duett; little Nellie Ray sat on a footstool listening to the ghost stories which Ned Carlton was telling; and Geoffry was indoors and out, trying to be patient, while his heart was overflowing with bitter thoughts.

Suddenly he burst into the room, startling every one with the announcement that he had seen the ghost!

"Where, Geoffry?" pleaded Rosy, her hand on his arm.

"I can't say just where," he returned, as if half bewildered. "Perhaps it was only the shadow of a ghost; and is vanished in thin air and moonlight."

"Was it a man or a woman, Mr. Lee?" asked Leroy Mills, drawing a little nearer to Rosy.

"I will not be sure," he replied. "Yet it had a tender face, full of sorrowful memories, and it seemed to whisper, 'No hope, no hope.'"

There was a breathless hush for a minute, and Ned Carlton put one strong arm about little timid Nelly Ray. Mr. Mills looked as if he would like to do the same thing to reassure Rosy, but something in her face held him away.

"Hark!" said Lida Carlton, holding up her slender forefinger, on which shone a magnificent solitaire, "I think I hear the rustle of burial robes!"

Rosy's face grew paler as she listened, hearing nothing but the swish of the leaves against the side of the house; when, suddenly above the silence there was the sound of a heavy fall, and a cry burst from every throat.

Lida Carlton and Nelly hid their faces in their hands, but for one moment Rosy stood irresolute. Then with a glad thrill of relief she read the secret in Geoffry's eyes, and springing to his side, she whispered:

"Oh, Geoffry! Geoffry!" Keep me safe!"

"Always, my own darling!" he breathed in her ear; and held her close while he lighted a wax candle on the table, and proposed they should search for the ghost.

"Nonsense!" said Lida Carlton, her cheeks in a red fever of excitement. "Ghosts aren't as heavy as *that* thing was! I believe it was a picture up in the old gallery overhead; and I am going home."

With one backward smile she vanished in the darkness, Joe Hosford carrying her shawl.

How and when the others got home, they never quite understood; but Aunt Nell, leaning over the stairs heard Rosy ask, tremblingly:

"Did you *really* see a ghost, Geoffry?"

"Only the shadow of one, darling, and the ghost of a Joy was what I saw, for I thought you were beginning to love that fellow with the curly hair."

"Oh, Geoffry, how could you! And see how you have rumpled my curls again!"

"Shall I smooth them, my darling?"

But the kisses fell lower on brow and cheek and lips.

### Sad.

A young Prussian officer, who doubted the love of his affianced bride, requested, after the battle of Gravelotte, one of his friends at home to inform the young lady that he (the officer) was among the killed, and report to him how she would receive the news. The friend complied with the officer's request, but the letter which was to convey the report of the young lady's demeanor, brought to the officer the terrible news of her death, the young girl having committed suicide the night after his friend's sad communication. The young officer was so impressed with the catastrophe, and felt so much aggrieved at the death of his fair young betrothed, that he went mad. He is now in a Berlin lunatic asylum, and his case is pronounced hopeless.

## THE LOVERS OF ELIZABETH BROWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MABEL PERCY.

Down by the river side there is a sylvan palace. Vines clamber up the trees and run over the rocks, and graceful willows bend forward to watch their reflection in the sparkling water. Beyond are green meadows and farm-houses, to which distance lends enchantment, and above all is the azure dome with the swan-like clouds sailing lazily over the blue expanse.

This spot is dear to one who daily seats herself upon the rock, and perhaps Narcissus-like looks at her bright, young face in the stream.

She is there now, leaning her head upon her hand with the sun's warm, caressing touch upon her golden brown hair. There is decided character expressed by the mouth, and thought has a temple on her brow, while beauty adds the witching charm of eyes like wells of love and a rosebud bloom upon her cheeks.

"He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me, he loves me not," &c., came in anxious tones from the figure upon the rock, who was scattering the leaves of a rose to the winds as she repeated alternately the above sentences; the words accompanying the last leaf being supposed to indicate the state of the loved one's affections.

She had tried to read, but her thoughts refused confinement, and instead of soaring aloft as was their wont, grovelled in the valley of Humiliation, chained there by a recollection of Aunt Hannah's words, "He never will marry you in the world." Of course he would not. Why had she not known and realized this before? He was handsome, rich, well-educated, and from the city. This last comprehended much in Libbie's mind. She had seen the city ladies when they came to board at the "Spread Eagle Hotel," and she had a vivid remembrance of their graceful ways and shining silks and jewels. Probably his sisters were just such fine ladies who stared and laughed at country folks. Mr. James had been kind to her, very. She never could forget how very kind he had been; but then that meant nothing. She was a little ignorant country girl, with nothing pleasing about her but her curls and pinky complexion, and what were these in comparison with the charms of the beautiful city ladies? To be sure, Uncle Nathan would have her sent to the academy.

"Hannah, Lizbuth shall have an edicatin," she remembered his very words. "You nor I never had none, but Libbie's mother did, and what a real lady she was!"

"Yis," said Aunt Hannah, "she had larnin' sure nuff; but mebbe if yer Aunt Moore hadn't took 'er to edicate she wouldn't a married a scamp that broke her heart with his drinkin' and then run off."

"Hannah," said Uncle Nathan in a tone that always silenced her; but Libbie had heard it, and now she vividly remembered that her father, if she had one, was a scamp, and what was she but a nobody.

"I'll stay by my farm-house, and not sigh for a palace," she said bitterly to herself, "and I will not let Philip James know that I ever for one moment imagined that he cared for me."

She picked up her volume of Tennyson's poems that Mr. James had loaned her, and read on in a desultory fashion, endeavoring to fix her attention upon something that should make her forget her present thoughts.

"Love, love, love!" she cried impatiently. "Is Love the wheel that moves the world?"

"Certainly, Miss Libbie," cried a pleasant voice as Philip James swung himself by a branch down by her side, "and I can prove it by a hypothesis."

"How?" she asked, keeping her gaze bent resolutely upon the sparkling water.

"First then, Love is happiness; second, every one desires happiness; therefore," said he triumphantly, "every one will love."

"Your hypothesis as you are pleased to term it is worthless, sir," she returned, "and I will prove that it is so. To imitate you—first then, love is not always happiness; second, every one does not desire happiness, they prefer fame, honor, riches, or I should say they exchange happiness which they, perhaps, already possess for what will bring the world's applause. Therefore, every one will not love."

"You discourse glibly upon the subject. "Was experience or observation your teacher?"

"My ideas," she answered, laughing, "are like Topsy, they 'growed.'" But seeking to divert his attention she said, "Will you not read?"

"Certainly," he answered, "if you wish me to, but as I return to the city to-morrow I would prefer to talk."

"Then," she said gayly, "if you return to-morrow, read by all means. Do not, I beg you, neglect this last opportunity of improving my mind. After you are gone I shall return to the perusal of last year's almanac, and it would be pleasant to recall to mind occasionally the jingle of some sweet rhyme."

"Oh, shades of the poets, hear her, 'the jingle of some sweet rhyme!' But, Miss Libbie, I have brought you for a keepsake, until I see you again, this volume of 'Snow Bound.' It is a perfect word-painting of your New England winters. Will you accept of it?"

"Oh, no; I should have no time to read it," she answered ungraciously, scarcely glancing at the beautiful, illustrated copy. "I have, already, the almanac, aforesaid, a volume of Shakspere, and the Bible. Some one has said that they comprise a whole library in themselves."

"Then you will not accept this?"

"No," she said, "I see enough snow without reading of it. "But," she added pleasantly, "are you not going to read it to me?"

Mr. James looked puzzled at these entirely new phases in her character, which he had supposed so frank and ingenuous that he who ran might read.

"What shall I read?" he asked; "'Maud,' or 'The Miller's Daughter?'"

"Neither; read 'The Princess.' She was a woman after my own heart."

"Why," he asked slyly; "because she finally acknowledged the power of love?"

"Lizbuth, Lizbuth," Aunt Hannah's voice came ringing through the wood.

"There, I must go," she said, rising hastily; "good-bye."

"Oh, Libbie, Libbie, cannot I see you again? Meet me here to-morrow," he said in an entreating tone.

"No," I don't think I can, we shall be so busy all day, and, besides, *you* will be busy too, you know. I am much obliged for your kindness. Here is your book. I hope I have not injured it. Good-bye," and she hastened away, not realising in her youth and her desire to be brave, how rude were her words.

And thus they parted, these two who loved each other so truly and well; for Philip James did love the little country girl in a way that it made his heart ache to think of, though he was terribly angry.

"Talk of city girls! She will eclipse them all by her brighter genius. Coquetry and cool impudence must be second nature. Perhaps she encouraged me for the purpose of luring on some tardy lover. I remember that she blushed when I asked her last week something about that young doctor, John Bertram.

Poor little Libbie, to be so cruelly judged when you are sorrowing for your disagreeable words, but thinking it best that they were said.

So Philip James returned to the city, and Elizabeth Brown to the wearisome routine of her daily labor, now no longer enlivened by the anticipation of meeting, by the river side, the one who for a brief season had made her life seem like some sweet poem tuned to the subtle melody of love.

There were times when she thought that, perhaps, she had been too hasty in deciding against her friend, he had been so kind and tender to her always. But if he loved her would he have been estranged thus easily? Forgetting that his pride might equal her own, she answered her question in a way that brought her nothing but sorrow.

And then John Bertram came a wooing, a wooing Libbie, and he was a man of noble soul and a heart strong though tender. Long had he loved her, but when in the blissful summer of "love's young dream," she had told him that to her he was a valued friend, nothing more, he tried to be satisfied, and without a murmur went on in his active life. He, unlike weaker souls, did not tire of living. Life was too great a boon to be talked of lightly, but his heart was sealed to other love, and he gave up his cherished idea of a home, which to him seemed fraught with such happy meaning.

But when Philip James went back to the city, he came with wavering hope to Libbie, not seeking at once for an answer to his love, but trying in a thousand ways to make her happy. When he did speak the, knowing his nobleness, which ever in the old days she felt exceeded any other, placed her hand in his, and promised to walk through life at his side.

She was not happy, and she never expected to be light-hearted again, but John Bertram thought by the strength of his love he could win hers, and for such a boon he could wait years.

They were to be married in the spring, and it was now winter. A snowy coverlet was flung over the beds of the flowers, and the stones and knolls looked like pillows, they seemed so soft and dainty. Libbie and Dr. Bertram were out riding; the dainty cutter, drawn by a coal-black and a milk-white horse, flew over the crunching snow, and Libbie sat quiet and admired the doctor's driving, which was unlike most others. No jerking of reins, no uncouth words, all was firm and gentle.

"Libbie," said he, "what thoughts does the snow suggest to your mind?"

"It makes me think of the summer when everything is warm and gay, the flowers all in bloom, and one never thinks of the winter, the present is so joyous," she said, dreamily.

"And to me," he said, joyously, "it anticipates the spring when from out the cold earth creep the little blossoms that ripen to fruition in the golden summer. Do you remember Miss Mulock's sweet poem?

"'Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The fresh, sweet smell of the green things growing.
I would like to live, whether I laugh or grieve,
To watch the happy life of the green things growing.'"

Just then they came in sight of a huge snow king, the work of the Academy boys. The horses took fright and ran plunging and snorting. On they ran; people came to the windows, but before they could reach the door they were out of sight. Libbie sat perfectly quiet, with faith in his power to check their speed. The continued strain upon the bits was beginning to check their mad fury, when the doctor, rising to get a firmer hold of the reins, was thrown from the sleigh by a sudden lurch.

Libbie was now alone at the mercy of those ungovernable horses which ran more violently than before. With fear at her heart, not knowing whether life or death awaited her, she sat still while tumultuous thoughts thronged her soul. Oh, for one more look into the face of Philip James! then death were easier. "Philip, Philip!" she cried in the agony of her yearning, and then she lay stunned upon the hard snow.

There Doctor Bertram found her, and carried her home. She was not much injured; and though the next day found her pale and careworn, her late fright was not the cause.

A greater fear had come over her. She dared not marry this man, when her last thoughts, as she had deemed them, were of another.

To know that when death should come and her husband stood at her side, that her soul would go out in longing to the one who had slighted her love, while not a thought clung to this man so much nobler and more true!

So frankly she spoke her fears to Doctor Bertram, and he, feeling their truth, from that moment chained with an iron will the timid, fluttering bird of love.

When it died, there arose from its ashes another, nobler, if less sweet, and John Bertram knew it was friendship, and treasured it as the rarest gift of earth.

Philip James made one in the tide of men that swelled and surged in the streets of a vast city, going out in the morning, coming in at night. Life was growing a trifle wearisome to him; and he had begun to study the problem which nearly all have tried at some period of their lives, but which is still unsolved, "whether there is any good thing under the sun?"—and then he met Miss Chester.

It was at a reception given by a friend, and he stood a little way from the crowd listlessly gazing about. He stood as if spell-bound as he happened to look in the direction of his hostess, where, standing by herself, was a lady, who in some indefinable way impressed him with a vivid remembrance of Libbie. It must be her eyes, he thought, they were like the deep, dark orbs that he remembered so vividly; but these were set in a darker face, for this lady's was clearly white and no color bloomed on her cheeks, while Libbie's wore the hue of a carnation. Besides, this lady was taller; and with a sigh he relinquished the idea of a resemblance to Libbie; though why he should care when he had vowed to forget her it never occurred to his mind to inquire.

But he sought and obtained an introduction to Miss Chester; for apart from the interest she had awakened by a fancied resemblance, she was the most beautiful lady in the room. There was a graceful ease in her manner and a charm about her conversation that fascinated Mr. James. She seemed pleased with the gentleman, and the acquaintance progressed rapidly. In course of time Philip James came to congratulate himself that the old love was a dream, and this gracious lady not indifferent to him. She was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, and in every respect worthy, so his sister triumphantly said, to bear the name of James.

The summer had waned and autumn was come with its mellow sunlight, that Hawthorne says is "like the breath of life to the pomp of autumn." Philip James stood with Miss Chester amid the rare plants of her father's conservatory, and told the old, old story to the fairest flower among them all.

She listened, while a faint flush dyed her cheek.

"And you have never loved before? It seems as though I could never marry one whose heart were haunted by memories of the past," she said musingly.

"Why did you say that?" he asked. "Must I tell you that once I loved a frivolous country girl who slighted my affection, which truth bids me say was indeed great. But now I have no thought, no wish removed from you, and the name of Libbie Brown is to me the same as any other. How can the memory of that love come between us?"

"It does not," she answered.

As if his words had evoked a ghost of the Past, a shrill voice was heard, calling "Lizbuth, Lizbuth," and in stalked Aunt Hannah, a shade thinner perhaps, her hair a trifle more scant, but apart from that the same, for Time had no power to change her stern individuality.

"Here I am; did you want me?" asked Miss Chester.

"I did want yer to hold this yarn, but seein' as you've got company I ain't in no great stew."

"This is Mr. James, Aunt Hannah."

"Lor' sakes, you don't say so!" said she, hardly as much surprised as the gentleman himself.

"Aunt Hannah only arrived to-day, so I have not had the pleasure of introducing you before," said Miss Chester.

When they were again alone, he asked:

"Are you Libbie, or is she your cousin, and Mrs. Brown aunt to you both?" His puzzled look amused her, so that she burst into a peal of laughter, the like of which he had never heard from Miss Chester's lips before. "Libbie Brown!" he exclaimed, "that merry laugh betrays you. But," with an uncertain manner, "did you love me in the old days?"

"I loved you then and always," she answered.

"But where are your roses?" he asked, touching her cheek.

"They left me one summer and never came back," she said simply.

"But you are certainly taller."

"Only a trifle. My trailing skirts are responsible for the rest."

"And now tell me how you happen to be called Miss Chester?"

"Because I am Miss Chester. That was my father's name, only Aunt Hannah chose to give me hers. My father, who was very dissipated before my mother's death, became a different man when upon her dying bed she besought him to reform. He left me with my Uncle Nathan, and two years ago he came for me, having in the meantime gained friends and wealth. I studied hard, for I realized my deficiencies, and moreover I sought to change my looks and manner, for I meant to make your acquaintance as a stranger, and learn if your really ever loved me."

Later he said, "I was a trifle jealous of Dr. Bertram, Libbie."

"Dr. Bertram!" she cried in heartfelt tones. "God bless his noble soul! He is the truest friend I ever had."

"Libbie!" said her lover, reproachfully.

"The truest friend I ever had," she repeated; "but," and a dewy smile broke over her face, "*I love you;*" and Philip James was satisfied.

### Things Worldly and Things Spiritual.

There was a man in a church who could pray well and talk well in the meetings, but whose dealings in his store were dishonest. Every one who traded with him looked out sharply that he was not cheated. Yet he seemed most fervently in earnest when he was praying. His emotions would rise almost to ecstasy, and it was evident that he believed in them himself. He regarded himself as a very pious man.

Once, when detected in a dishonorable act, a faithful brother asked him how he could reconcile such things with his prayers and exhortations in the conference meeting.

"Oh, Mr. B.," he said, with some impatience, "you are always confounding things worldly and things spiritual."

☞ A bank note—An old dilapidated one is going the rounds with a piece of yellow paper pasted on the back of it, on which is written, "Go it Bill; I'll back you!"

### LOST AT SEA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

She gathers at the twilight
  Her children at her knee,
And tells them of their father
  While looking out to sea.
And tears will start and glisten
  Upon her cheeks, for oh!
She misses so at twilight
  The step she used to know,
And the voice so blithe and bonny,
  The face so frank and free
Of the gallant sailor husband
  Lost far away at sea.

She cannot help but listen
  To hear his step again,
Or watch to see his vessel
  Come sailing o'er the main.
But she knows that he is lying
  Down deep beneath the waves
In the last and soundest slumber
  That mortal ever craves.
But she watcheth and she waiteth,
  And tells her children o'er
Of the gallant sailor father
  Who kisses them no more.
And looketh out at midnight,
  Although she knows it vain,
To see if his long-gone vessel
  Has crossed the sea again.

# DENE HOLLOW.

## BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

**"EAST LYNNE," &c.**

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

### PART THE SECOND.

### CHAPTER I.

AFTER THE LAPSE OF YEARS.

This, as you perceive, is the second part of the story. Years have elapsed since the conclusion of the first: and those children, boys and girls, told of then, have grown into men and women.

There is not very much to relate of the interval. Time has wrought some changes—as time invariably does. They may be briefly summed up in a few lines. And it may be as well to state that, in spite of the lapse of time, we are still writing of a period very many years back.

Sir Dene Clanwaring has lost both his sons: John the heir and Reginald the Major. The one died of a neglected cold; the other fell in battle. Pretty Mrs. Clanwaring, John's widow, is married again, and lives chiefly at her husband's estate in Scotland. Her two sons, Dene and Charles, nice, pleasant young fellows with plenty of money in prospect, and her only children living, are very often staying with their grandfather, Sir Dene; the elder of the two, Dene, being his heir. Their sister, Margaret, had died at Beechhurst Dene only two years ago, under circumstances of a painful nature: Sir Dene, who was very fond of her, has not been quite the same man since.

Lady Lydia Clanwaring is at Beechhurst Dene still. She has never, in fact, been away from it since that autumn night when she arrived to take up her abode. Up to the time her husband died, she was always "going back to India shortly:" after his death she had no home even to talk of going to, and no means of setting up one—everybody knows what is the pension of a Major's widow. So she remained at Beechhurst Dene without question as to her leaving it; and her children looked upon it as their home just as surely as though they had a legal right to it. Lady Lydia had really grown useful to Sir Dene: and her tact (she never forgot it again) was such that he valued her, and quite believed the household could not get on without her. Her daughter, Louisa, had married early; Jarvis was in the army; Otto was a barrister in Lincoln's Inn.

Tom Clanwaring had not been got out of the Dene. The fact is worthy of being recorded, considering Lady Lydia's private machinations to accomplish it. Never again had she tried for it openly since that one last great explosion, when Sir Dene had suggested that she and her children should go rather than Tom. Indeed she soon gave up hoping for it, and let the fact alone. But she had successfully managed to put Tom in the background, and keep him there. He was reared as an inferior-born dependent, who must never presume to confound himself with the genuine Clanwaring family. Sir Dene insensibly fell into the snare, habit is strong; the neighborhood fell into it. Tom himself fell into it. During his boyhood he was kept away at school as much as possible; in the holidays he met with cold neglect; was made to estrange himself from the drawing-room, and to herd with the servants. It taught him humility. Sir Dene honored and regarded him as his grandson just as much as he did the other boys; in his heart he loved Tom best of all; but nevertheless he tacitly sanctioned Tom's being put in the back ground. Habit, I say, is strong; and this had grown into the habit at the Dene.

When Tom Clanwaring grew to manhood, his occupation rendered this isolation from the rest, or semi-isolation, easy of accomplishment. Tom was to the estate very much what his father had been—overlooker. When the lad was driven to seek sources out of doors by the home neglect, he had found them on the land. With Dell the bailiff, riding or walking round; watching for poachers with Simmons the gamekeeper; following the plough to have a chat with the ploughman; sitting in a corner of the barn, eating his bread-and-cheese dinner, while the men threshed the wheat; helping to load the wagon with barley; going to the corn-market at Worcester with Dell; in all places and at all work, Tom was at home. Nothing teaches like practical experience: and there were few better farmers in the county than was Tom Clanwaring. It had not pleased Sir Dene to give him any profession: perhaps he had all along intended (seeing his aptitude for it) to make him useful on the estate; or perhaps he did not care to send Tom away from him. When Tom left school, Dell was in failing health; and the lad at once took upon himself a portion of his duties, helping him all he could. It was only natural that on the bailiff's death two or three years afterwards, Tom should slip in the place. There had been no regular appointment of him by Sir Dene—as had been the case with his father Geoffry; but Tom was the bailiff to all intents and purposes.

The Lady Lydia, though not cordially approving this, did not actively oppose it. There was no longer any motive for wishing to banish Tom Clanwaring. He had been effectually *put down* in the house, and was too insignificant to trouble her; but the idea did dimly cross her mind, she could not tell why or wherefore, that it might be as well for him not to be the overseer of the land. Perhaps she thought it might give him power—a hold on the place. Therefore she advised Sir Dene not to keep Tom at home, but rather give him some calling, profession, or occupation, out in the world. For once Sir Dene did not listen to her. There was nobody so fit to be on the estate as Tom, he said; look how he had been robbed and imposed upon, especially since Dell had been less able to attend to his business; Tom was, so to say, a born farmer as poor Geoff had been; he had got his head on his shoulders the right way, as Geoff had, and would take care of things as he did; who else was there, he firmly put it to my Lady, that was capable of looking after his interests in this way, save Tom.

Who else was there? She put it to herself, and the answer came—none. And yet, instinct did seem to foretell danger in Tom's becoming this permanent fixture. In vain she appealed to her two sons; pointing out that it might be better worth while for one of them to take this post than to toil upwards in their respective professions. Jarvis was simply astonished, somewhat as John the heir had been on a similar appeal once before. Jarvis stroked his black moustache in supercilious incredulity. *He* an overlooker! *He* taking upon himself the office of bailiff! He asked his mother whether she had lost her senses. Reginald civilly replied that he knew nothing about land and its management—which was true; and that his tastes and wishes lay in quite a different line of life. So Lady Lydia dropped the point, and Tom went on with his duties unmolested. He had nothing to do with the accounts; Sir Dene had kept those himself for many years.

Thus, with all his business lying out of doors, it will readily be understood how easy it was for Tom's estrangement from the family circle to be taken as a matter of course by Sir Dene. It was often one of convenience or necessity; and he would hastily eat what he wanted in the housekeeper's room and be off again. Except on Sundays, Tom did not much trouble the family; if by chance he dressed himself and went in, he got cold looks and contemptuous silence for his welcome. His business with Sir Dene was transacted in the bay parlor; and the latter would sometimes say, "Can't you manage to be a bit more with 'em, Tom?" Tom never said why he did not. If Lady Lydia or her eldest son met Tom out on the land, they passed him with the indifference they would have accorded to any of the men. As to Tom himself, he had grown up to be just what his childhood promised. Truthful, honorable, upright, generous; of singularly modest and pleasing manners, patient-natured, sweet-tempered, altogether of sterling worth and goodness. Mrs. Owen had lived long enough to do her work efficiently, and to see the excellent seed she had sown strike firm root in his mind and heart.

Harebell Farm had had another master for some years now. Mrs. Owen lay by her husband in Hurst Leet churchyard (though, if popular gossip might be believed, *he* did not lie quietly, even yet), and William Owen had migrated into Dorsetshire. Philip Tillett occupied Harebell Farm. It was well known that Randy Black's vexation was excessive when he found the farm had been ceded privately to Mr. Tillett. Some friend of Black's, with a good amount of money and apparently respectable character, had been looking out for it—for the fact that Owen entertained thoughts of leaving had oozed out—and Black openly said it was a mean trick Sir Dene had served the public. However, the "trick" was one that nobody had power to undo. Mr. Tillett went into the farm, and told Black to his face that if he saw Robert Owen's ghost every night of his life it would not drive him off it again. Nevertheless, in spite of his brave assertion, it was observed that Mr. Tillett did not put himself much in the way of the grove of trees by the two-acre meadow after dark, which that supernatural figure with the silver beard was wont to haunt i the moonlight. Not that there was any authentic or recorded history of its having been seen for some few years past now. And that is enough of retrospection.

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It was a green Christmas; bright, lovely, almost as warm as spring; and as the congregation turned out of Hurst Leet church, they congratulated each other on the fine weather as much as on the festive day. Everybody had walked to church; there was no necessity to bring out carriages on such a day as this.

Everybody, except one; Sir Dene Clanwaring. Hale as of old, though his years had long passed those allotted as the age of man, he had a weakness in his limbs that rendered much walking, or exertion of any kind, difficult. As he stepped from his pew, allowing most of the congregation to depart first, Lady Lydia held out her arm, and he took it. She counted more than fifty years now; but she was tall and meagre as ever, looking the scarecrow she always did, her face worn and sharp, her small black eyes graviously restless. But that it was very much the natural expression of her face, one might have said some inward torment troubled her. Sir Dene's pew had been full that day, for all his grandchildren had come to the Dene for Christmas. They might be seen, most of them, wending their way homewards beyond the churchyard.

Close by the waiting pony carriage, stood a young, slender, gentlemanly man. His fair, fresh Saxon face, with its fine frank features and good-natured, deep blue eyes, was something strangely pleasant. Those who were old enough to remember Geoffry Clanwaring could never need to ask who it was, the likeness was so great. He had waited, he so tall and strong, to assist his grandfather into the carriage and drive him home—as he had driven him in coming. But Lady Lydia turned about impatiently, looking for some one else to do it.

"Take care, Tom. The other leg up."

"Shall I drive you, sir?" asked Tom, when he had carefully placed him in: for, reared in the habits of complete submission, he never presumed to put himself forward even to do a service, without first asking leave.

"Aye, do: my hands are cold."

Lady Lydia interposed. She pushed Tom aside: not rudely, but with cool, indifferent hauteur, and stepped in herself. He did not appear in the least resentful; he had been used to nothing but this contemptuous indifference always; and he arranged her petticoats under the warm rug with as much assiduous attention to her comfort as he had evinced for that of Sir Dene.

"I was not aware you intended to go with Sir Dene yourself, Lady Lydia," he remarked, his tone one of courteous apology.

"There, that will do," she said, cutting him short. "Give me the reins."

"No," spoke Sir Dene: who retained all his detestation of being driven by a woman; and who would rather have had his grandson by his side than her: "Give them to me, Tom. I shall drive, myself, Lydia."

With a flourish of the whip and a cheery bow to the few villagers and peasantry who had stayed to watch the departure, Sir Dene drove on. Tom lifting his hat to Lady Lydia with as happy a smile as ever sat on man's face yet. Do not mistake him, or think this courtesy to her put on—as in truth it well might have been, considering all things: but the frank sweetness of Tom Clanwaring's nature was such, that he had genuinely kind looks even for her. Sir Dene's progress was not a quick one: many acquaintances were waiting for a word or a hand-shake, and the pony was pulled up continually. Tom's long legs soon got ahead of it: and he overtook two ladies; mother and daughter, as might be seen by the likeness: nice looking women with pretty features and complexions of delicate bloom: but the young lady's face was pleasanter in expression than her mother's.

"Mrs. Arde, I wish you a merry Christmas."

Mrs. Arde turned at the greeting. "Is it you, Tom Clanwaring? Thank you. I wish you the same."

Her tone was not a cordial one. The best that could be said of it was that it was coldly civil. Liking Tom in her heart as much as ever, a certain thought had startled her lately, and caused her to treat him very distantly: it might have been supposed that she was taking a lesson out of the Lady Lydia Clanwaring's book. Miss Arde did not speak to Tom at all: but as she glanced up shyly there shone a smile of welcome in her rich brown eyes, and the rose-bloom deepened to carnation on her dimpled cheeks.

Tom just touched her hand. "And a very merry Christmas to *you*, May," he said in a low tone.

The little carriage came rattling up. "What has taken Arde that he was not at church to-day?" called out Sir Dene, as he checked the pony.

Mrs. Arde went round to the baronet's side. "Oh, Sir Dene, I am sorry to say that he is ill. It is one of his bilious attacks. We left him in bed."

"In bed!" echoed Sir Dene. "That won't do at all, you know, Mrs. Arde. We dine at five, sharp. He must not fail us."

"I hope not. He expects to be better by that time."

Lady Lydia's keen glances were taking in everything—as they had a habit of doing. Tom Clanwaring was talking to Miss Arde: and she noted that the young lady's eyes were cast down as she listened, that her face was flushed to a beautiful crimson. My lady drew in her thin lips: she did not like the signs any more than did Mrs. Arde. But at this moment there came up one from the opposite direction, one who could always dispel the gloom on Lady Lydia's face—her eldest and best-beloved son.

Two peas never were more alike than Jarvis Clanwaring and his mother: not a bit of the Clanwaring was there about him in looks. Tall, lean, dark, he had the same thin compressed lips as hers, the shifty black eyes. His black moustache was fierce, even for a soldier, very fierce indeed for those days when such an adornment was uncommon, and he had altogether a worn, dissipated air. But Captain Clanwaring was popular with his friends and the world. A serious attack of illness had entailed a long leave of absence to recruit health, and he passed his time agreeably between London and Beechhurst Dene.

"Jarvis," began Sir Dene, the tone a peremptory one, "why were you not at church to-day?"

"I overslept myself, sir."

"Overslept yourself! Well, I don't know. I asked after you half an hour before I came out, and Gander told me you were up, and letter-writing in your room. I choose that everybody about me shall attend church on Christmas Day. I thought you knew that."

Jarvis Clanwaring slowly raised his hat in response, by way of cutting short the discussion. A keen observer—which Sir Dene was not, and never had been—might have detected some covert scorn in the action. With a hearty adieu to the ladies, and telling them not to be late for dinner, Sir Dene drove on.

One little incident may be mentioned of the drive home. At the turning to the road, Dene Hollow, Sir Dene drew the right rein, and kept the pony on the straight road—the old, long round. "Oh pray don't go that way, Sir Dene!" interposed Lady Lydia with fractious haste, "I want to get home. Take Dene Hollow." A shade of annoyance crossed Sir Dene's face; but he complied, and let the pony take the way he had wished to avoid. Slowly he drove now, at a snail's walk: gentle though the ascent was, Sir Dene Clanwaring had grown to *dread* Dene Hollow.

Meanwhile Jarvis and Tom Clanwaring continued to walk along with Mrs. and Miss Arde. In a line at first; but as they turned off or to the narrow path, the nearest way to Arde Hall, they had to separate: Mrs. Arde in front with Captain Clanwaring, Tom and May behind. The Lady Lydia, bowling on in the direction of Beechhurst Dene, mentally saw the position as surely as Mrs. Arde saw it. It did not continue long; at the entrance to the enclosed grove belonging to the Hall, the ladies wished the young men good-morning, and the latter went on.

Walking in silence. Captain Clanwaring never wasted superfluous words on Tom the scapegoat; Jarvis was twenty-seven now—Tom twenty-four. Tom's intelligent eye was noting all points as they walked with the quiet air of one who knows every inch of the land. The officer looked out straight before him, seeing nothing; buried in thought was he, and not pleasant thought. Thus they came in view of the rural lodge where Tom was born, and Maria, his pretty mother, had died. Simmons the gamekeeper lived in it now. Jarvis pointed to it with a wave of his hand.

"Go across and tell Simmons I shall want him to go out with me betimes to-morrow morning. And to mind that he brings my own gun this time."

There was supercilious command in every tone of the voice, in every gesture of the raised hand. Tom Clanwaring turned off with the obedience of a child; he had been *made* to know that Jarvis and Otto were as his masters. Half way through the trunks of the bare trees, a thought caused him to halt.

"*To-morrow* morning, Jarvis?"

"I said to-morrow morning. Can't you hear?"

"But to-morrow will be Sunday!"

"Well?"

"Sir Dene would not like it. Only think if he heard the guns!"

"I want none of your remarks, Tom Clanwaring. Do as you are told.

And Tom went to do it.

Lady Lydia Clanwaring, her bonnet and shawl thrown off, met her son in the hall when he entered. Clutching at his arm, as one who is in anger or pain, she drew him to the fire—a large bright fire of wood blazing in the hearth of the hall. Standing there, ostensibly warming her hands before going in to luncheon, she spoke to him eagerly and impressingly; but so quietly that Gander, who happened to pass, never saw that her lips moved.

"Every hour of your existence you vex me, Jarvis! Why are you not more cautious? You fly in the face of Sir Dene's prejudices in the most foolish, reckless manner possible. To think that you should have stayed away from church!"

"A man, worried as I am, has no fancy for church or for anything else," returned Captain Clanwaring in a half-indifferent, half-sullen tone. "As to studying the old man's prejudices—whether I study them or whether I don't, it seems to come to the same thing: no money. Have you asked him again?"

"It's not likely. Where I to enter upon business matters to-day, he would only stop me. Jarvis, indeed I don't think I shall be able to get it. I have had so much money from him for you, that I am driven to my very wits' end to invent excuses for its use. I can't say it's for Louisa this time, because she's here, and he might question her himself; neither can I say it is for Otto, for the same reason. In these scarce visits that Otto pays us, I am kept in a state of chronic terror, lest the old man should speak to him and discover that he knows nothing of the sums of money he is supposed to have drawn. Otto was always so inconveniently truthful, you know."

"He is a close, steady-going muff. I know that."

"Try Dene again."

"No good, mother. He told me yesterday I had bled him once too often; and meant it too. The goose is killed in that quarter."

"Well, Jarvis, I only speak the truth when I tell you that I believe it will not be possible for me to get you this money that you want. Sir Dene suspects, I think. He is not so cordial with you as he used to be—and you do nothing especially to conciliate him. Why where you not at hand to drive him to church and back?"

"Because I didn't go myself," was the cool rejoinder. "I *must* have the money; I cannot do without it. It would bring ruin and double ruin."

There was a pause. Captain Clanwaring lifted his shapely boot—in dress he was one of the greatest dandies going—and pushed a falling log on to the blazing hearth. His mother thought what a handsome leg and foot it was.

"Why don't you make better play with May Arde, Jarvis?"

"*Why* don't I! You must ask that question of herself, my lady. She is a vast deal more inclined to make play with a goat than she is with me. I suspected it when I was down here last."

"Ridiculous!" replied Lady Lydia, her tone one of passionate irritation. "That is perfectly absurd, Jarvis: and you know it. *He* mate with May Arde! The very idea is an outrage on social decency."

"I know that she likes him. And that she does not like me."

"Don't talk so loud. I tell you you might as well accuse her of a liking for her father's bailiff as for Tom Clanwaring. What else is he but a bailiff? You—what did you say, Jones?" broke off Lady Lydia, as a servant came out of the dining-room, and spoke.

"Luncheon is waiting, my lady; and Sir Dene is asking for you."

Lady Lydia gave a final rub to her hands over the blaze, and went into the dining-room. But when the man said "Luncheon is waiting," he used a figure of speech. Sir Dene never waited luncheon for anybody, and he had nearly finished now. It was only simple fare: they had breakfasted at nine and would dine at five. The table appeared to be crowded, but Lady Lydia's place at its head was left vacant. Dene the heir sat at it and his brother Charles, pleasant-looking slight young fellows, hardly out of their teens. Otto was there; a dark, short man of twenty-six, steady looking enough to have had his barrister's wig on his head out of court as well as in it. Louisa, the wife of Colonel Letsom, and her three little ones, Sir Dene's great grand-children, completed the party. Captain Clanwaring looked out for a seat.

"You young ones must sit closer together," remarked Lady Lydia in rather a cross tone, for she could not bear that her favorite son should be put out in the very smallest degree. "They might have taken their luncheon up stairs, Louisa: they are going to dine with us. Make room for your Uncle Jarvis."

"You can have my seat, Jarvis," interposed Sir Dene, rising, and catching up his stick to leave the room. As Jarvis sat down, ill-humored as usual, he said something about hoping the dinner-table would not be as crowded, for it was possible one or two of *his* friends might be dropping in.

"The dinner-table is always large enough when we know how many are to be at it," said Lady Lydia. "Of course it will be full to-day. In case of an unexpected guest arriving late, Tom Clanwaring must eat his dinner below."

"I'll be shot if he shall!" exclaimed young Dene with all the authority of the baronet's heir. "It is Christmas Day, Aunt Lydia, and Tom shall have his place at table for once as well as the rest of us. It's not often he gets it."

Lady Lydia, cutting a piece of cake, cut it so sharply that the plate nearly came in two. Dene began again: he and Charles both liked Tom.

"No. If Tom's place at table is filled up to-day, he shall have mine. It would never do for *him* to be absent. What would May Arde say?"

Dene threw out this little shaft mischievously: he had his suspicions of many things, and privately hoped that Tom would in some magical manner get May, rather than cross-grained Varges. My lady's green cheek turned a shade greener: and it is a positive fact that in moments of annoyance her pale, putty complexion took a tinge of green. At this juncture, in came Tom.

Nobody moved, nobody made room for him. Dene began ordering the children to sit closer, "two of you on a chair," but Tom settled the matter by lifting one of them, taking the chair himself, and putting the child on his knee. Social, cordial, ever sweet-tempered, it was impossible for children to help loving Tom Clanwaring: and the little thing laughed in glee, and put her fat hand up to stroke the smiling Saxon face.

"Did you see Simmons—and give him my message?" demanded Captain Clanwaring of Tom, without the superfluous courtesy of looking at him.

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"I'll tell you by-and-by, Jarvis."

### CHAPTER II.

SIR DENE'S REPENTANCE.

Sir Dene Clanwaring passed a good deal of his time now in his chamber, or in the small sitting-room next it. He was a different man from what he used to be: since he had been unable to take long walks in the open air, but was confined much of necessity to his chair or sofa, there was less of open, easy indifference in his manner, more of silent care. Advancing years and infirmities brought serious thought in their train: and events had helped it on.

Strange though it may seem to have to say it, stranger still to believe it, but it is nevertheless true, a great remorse, repentance, grief—call it what you will—had seized on Sir Dene Clanwaring. And for what? For having made the road, Dene Hollow. In the lapse of years that we have skipped, and of which no record has been taken, accidents had continued to occur occasionally: and cautious people preferred to go the old round way, rather than use it. But, in all the mishaps that had taken place there, only one had been fatal: and that was to the granddaughter Sir Dene so fondly loved—Margaret Clanwaring. A conviction seized hold upon him that the death of this fair young girl was nothing more than a retribution on himself, sent direct from heaven.

Sir Dene had surely sent the Widow Barber to her grave earlier than she would have gone: he had grown to see the fact clearly, and it came home to him in these later years with a great remorse. He never spoke of it: but the shadow of it lay on his mind always—just as the other Shadow was said to lie at times on the unlucky road. The poor widow was more often in his mental eye than he would have liked to confess: not as he had first known her, the hale, red-cheeked little woman stirring actively amidst her milk-pans with her more than seventy years on her back; but as he had happened to meet her a few days before she died: hollow of face, sad of eyes, wasted to a shadow. Sir Dene remembered that he had turned to look after her in some doubt, debating whether that worn woman *could* be Mrs. Barber.

Bending forward from his arm-chair in the room above, on this Christmas afternoon, his hands clasped on the top of his stick, his blue coat off and a loose one on, sat Sir Dene, thinking of this; and of some other things that annoyed him, but in a less degree. Lady Lydia came in to disturb him. Lady Lydia was wont to boast, in a quiet way, of her influence over Sir Dene—that she could "turn him round her little finger." In truth he yielded very much to her sway, for he hated contention and loved to be at ease more than ever. The wish to get Tom Clanwaring away from the Dene, which had lain in abeyance for so many years, had sprung up anew of late in my lady's heart: the interests of her dear son, Jarvis, were rendering Tom's absence from the place, as she believed imperatively necessary. Jarvis must secure May Arde and her twenty thousand pounds to get him out of his terrible embarrassments: it would never do for Tom to stand in the way. There was no fear of Tom's *marrying* Miss Arde: their relative positions forbade that: but Tom was a remarkably good-looking young fellow (though it went against the grain for my lady to acknowledge, even mentally, that fact), and he and the young lady seemed to be on the best of terms. If she got a fancy into her head that she liked Tom, she might—why yes she might—reject Jarvis! To guard against this, Tom must quit the neighborhood; and not continue to see more of May while he stayed in it than could be helped. Turning these things about in her mind, Lady Lydia quite determined, as a preliminary, that Tom should not sit down to the Christmas dinner-table that evening when May would be present. At least, if any clever scheming of her own could prevent it.

Stirring Sir Dene's fire into a blaze, she took a chair opposite him, and began talking of a subject that was sure to excite Sir Dene's ire—poaching and poachers. There had been more trouble from that cause on the estate this winter than was ever known before. Night after night these marauders came about in the most audacious manner; and with impunity, for they had never once been caught. Randy Black was suspected to be the ringleader; and Sir Dene had gone the length of causing the Trailing Indian to be searched: but no game was found. In talking of it now, Sir Dene, as usual, grew excited, and said this should be done and the other should be done; my lady agreeing in all, and suggesting measures on her own score. Thus the afternoon wore away.

After luncheon, Captain Clanwaring had gone out somewhere, returning home about half past four o'clock. Tom Clanwaring was standing by the hall fire when he came in, and took the opportunity of telling him that Simmons refused to attend him on the morrow.

"What the devil do you mean?—or does he mean?" demanded the captain.

"What he said to me was this: That he'd not go out shooting on a Sunday for anybody, neither would Sir Dene allow him. You cannot expect the man to do it, Jarvis," added Tom in a tone of reason. "Putting other considerations aside, it would never do for the guns to be heard in our woods on a Sunday."

Jarvis swore a little—at Tom for his gratuitous opinion, and at things in general. Saying that he would soon teach Simmons what it was to disobey *him*, he strode off with a furious step: and just then, down came my Lady Lydia from Sir Dene's room. Advancing to Tom, she told him that it was Sir Dene's pleasure that he and the gamekeeper should be on the watch that night in the oak coppice.

Tom Clanwaring verily thought she must be saying it for a joke. Gander had not

lighted up; and as he scanned her face by the light of the fire, he enquired whether she was not mistaken.

"Not in the least, she decisively replied. "Something has come to Sir Dene's knowledge about the poacher's having laid fresh gins and snares in the oak coppice; it has put him out worse than anything yet. This evening, when all the world are supposed to be indoors, making merry, will be their opportunity, he says; and you and Simmons are to go at once on the watch. With the best haste you can make, starting now, you and he will not get to the oak coppice too early. There's not a minute to be lost."

"But Sir Dene does not wish me to go now—before dinner!" cried Tom, wondering more and more. For Sir Dene was a man who not only liked to enjoy his Christmas dinner heartily himself, but chose that all about him should enjoy it.

"Sir Dene wishes you and expects you to go at once," was the emphatic rejoinder. "It has not come to the pass yet, I hope, of your disobeying *him*."

"I have never disobeyed him yet, Lady Lydia; or wished to do it," was the young man's answer, as he turned to the staircase. "I am ready to obey his wishes, now and always."

My lady stopped him with a peremptory question. "What do you want upstairs?"

"To change my coat."

She glanced at Tom's superfine clothes, that sat so well on his graceful figure; and mentally allowed with a grunt that they were not quite the things to go a watching in.

"Take care that you don't disturb Sir Dene," she crossly said. "He is trying to get a little nap before dinner."

Tom nodded, an ran lightly up. But just as he was passing his grandfather's door, the baronet opened it, and saw him.

"Is that you, Tom? What's the time?"

"It wants about twenty minutes of five, sir."

"Is it so late as that? Come in and help me to get my coat on. We shall have Arde here. I begin to think sometimes, Tom," added the old man as they crossed the sitting-room to his bed-chamber, "that I shall be reduced to the effeminacy of taking a valet in my old age. My legs and arms won't serve me much longer."

"Make a valet of me, sir. You might let me help you more than I do."

"I don't like to give in, Tom; that's it; I have waited on myself all my life. Sit down at the fire while I wash my hands; you can put the water out for me. You are ready yourself, I see."

"Ready for what, sir?" asked the young man, not quite understanding.

"Ready for what!—Why, for dinner."

"But I—I can't dine to-day, sir," said Tom impulsively.

Sir Dene took his hands out of the water, and turned round to stare at Tom.

"Why can't you dine?"

"There's no time, sir. I am going on the watch with Simmons at once."

"What for? Where to?"

"The oak coppice. As you desire."

"Going on the watch with Simmons!" repeated the baronet, a great wonder on his fine old face. "On the watch on a Christmas night! No, no, my boy; nobody belonging to me does that. What put such a thing in your head?"

"Lady Lydia has just told me—" Tom Clanwaring stopped. He was a true gentleman at heart; ay, and a true Christian, too, though some in the world, reading this, may laugh at it. Not even in this case, barefaced though he at once saw it was, would he take his own part at the expense of others. But Sir Dene was looking at him, and he resumed.

"That is, I understood Lady Lydia to say you wished me to go with Simmons this evening. Perhaps she misunderstood."

"You must have misunderstood between you. Send my people on the watch on a Christmas night!" reiterated Sir Dene. "I'm not a heathen."

"Lady Lydia talks of fresh gins in the oak coppice. What have you heard?"

"What I've heard will keep, Tom. She ought not to have begun about it to-day; she knows it is a subject that worries me. *She* heard it: I didn't. Jarvis picked it up somewhere out of doors, she says. Any way, it must be left alone till Monday. There; let it drop. See if you can give my hair a brush. I think I must have got a touch of rheumatism in this arm, Tom; it's painful since morning. The driving home from church did me no good. Prior, he talks of strained muscles—but I fancy it's rheumatism."

Tom had brushed the white hair and helped on the coat, when there came a smart knock at the door, and Lady Lydia entered. Sir Dene at once began about the misunderstanding, telling her she ought to have known better than to suppose he should allow any of his people, whether grandchildren or retainers, to go out on the cold watch on a Christmas night.

Tom Clanwaring quitted the room; of no use now to wait to assist his grandfather down stairs; my lady took care that Tom should never assist him in any way, when she could help it. Scarcely had he gained the hall when he heard himself called to. My lady was following him; her face white

"How *dared* you carry tales to Sir Dene?" she hissed—and really her harsh voice was often very like a hiss. "You! a dependant, a serpent—for that's what you are—*you* presume to interfere and try to set aside my orders—and Sir Dene's!"

"You are mistaken, Lady Lydia. I did not intentionally—"

"Be silent, sir; I will hear no lying excuses from you. As you are afraid of a little night cold for yourself and Simmons, you can go and share his hearth with him this evening. You don't dine in my presence. One of us must be absent from the table; you or I."

"Very well, Lady Lydia. I will not intrude upon you."

He went straight out at the front door. Really with no purposed intention, but in the minute's vexation. Generous-tempered though he was, patiently submissive as he had been trained so be, he could feel anger at times when the oppression or injustice was unusually great. And May Arde would be at the table that he was thrust from!

Would she! A few paces from the door he encountered a footman. Tom recognized him, in the evening's darkness, for one of the servants at the Hall.

"What is it, Mark?"

"My mistress has sent me up with this note, sir. The Squire's quite unable to come out this evening. They are very sorry it should have happened so."

"Are none of them coming? Not Mrs. or Miss Arde?"

"No, sir; they intend to dine quietly at home," was the man's reply, as he went on with the note.

"I'll go and ask them to give me some dinner," quoth Tom to himself, his blue eyes brightening with an amused smile, his heart giving a great leap in its happiness. "All happens for the best."

Whether the love that existed between Tom Clanwaring and May Arde—for it's of no use to disguise this ill-omened fact any longer—would have sprung up had they been always on the original terms of intimacy, cannot be told. Perhaps not: the liking for each other may have continued to be more like that of fond brother and sister. Not that Miss May had ever pretented to be fond of Tom: she had teased him and tortured him and tutored him at will, like the capricious little damsel that she was. When May was growing up, Mrs. Arde had a serious illness, and the doctors ordered her abroad. She went with her husband and daughter, and they were away nearly three years. Three years will make great changes, you know, in people's looks as well as in other things. Tom was three-and-twenty when they met again as strangers; May turned nineteen: she saw a most attractive man, tall and strong and noble; he saw a sedate modest young lady with a shy and sweet face. That first interview sealed their fate: from that time they were as passionately in love with each other as ever man and woman can be in this world—and that's saying something. Never a word of it had been spoken by either: Tom Clanwaring, remembering his position, was of too honorable a nature for that; but each knew quite well how it was with the other. There was about as much chance that Tom, poor and prospectless, would be allowed to win her, as there was that he might win the moon. Each was contented to leave the future to itself: as long as they met daily, or almost daily, the present had bliss enough.

And so, this last year, since May's return, things had gone on quietly and happily. That they would not continue so to go on much longer, certain signs were telling. Matters seemed to be approaching a crisis in more ways than one. Captain Jarvis Clanwaring was getting into deep water—was in it, indeed—and there appeared to be no way of extricating him but by some grand coup-de-main; such as espousing a wealthy heiress. The heiress was at hand, and a very charming and loveable heiress too; and Captain Clanwaring made no end of visits to Beechhurst Dene on her account. But there was one curious fact—he did not seem to make much way with her. To Lady Lydia this had been utterly unaccountable until quite recently—when the horrible fear had suddenly suggested itself that May loved the scapegoat—the name he had gone by amidst them for years—the miserable, despised dependent, Tom Clanwaring. Somehow Mrs. Arde was catching up the same fear: possibly it had been craftily awakened by Lady Lydia, for we rarely see these things for ourselves. Mrs. Arde was not at all sure about it. She thought it next door to impossible that Mary could be so much of an idiot.

Tom, laughing outright at the turn affairs had taken that evening, walked on to the Hall. *He* knew quite well, if nobody else did, that my lady's motive for banishing him from the dinner-table was because Miss Arde was to be at it. But, for once in a rare way, Tom had won and my lady lost. Tom knew that the persecution, renewed of late, the under current of effort that was at work again to drive him entirely from Beechhurst Dene, arose from my lady's fear that he was standing in the way of Jarvis. He could afford to laugh, he thought: whatever the result might be as to himself, he felt assured that May would never have anything on that head to say to Jarvis Clanwaring.

When Mr. Arde had found in the afternoon that he grew no better, a dinner was hastily prepared at home: his wife and daughter declining to leave him. He had these bilious attacks often, and would look as sallow as a guinea while they lasted, which was sometimes three days. Mrs. Arde wrote the note to Beechhurst Dene, and sent to ask the Miss Dickereens to come in and dine at the Hall: two middle-aged neighbors, cheerful and talkative; who were made all the more of because they had lost the greater part of their fortune. The party was in the act of sitting down to this dinner, Mr. Arde included, when Tom walked in. Every one looked surprised to see him: May blushed scarlet.

"Will you give me some dinner, sir?"

"If you want it," returned the Squire. "And welcome. Anything the matter at the Dene?"

"I have offended Lady Lydia—no unusual thing, you know, sir—and she forbids me to sit down with them. I thought—as it was Christmas Day—perhaps you and Mrs. Arde would take me in."

He spoke in a half-jesting, half-serious tone. The servant put a chair for him next May: the Miss Dickereens sitting opposite in the warmth of the fire. The Squire's spirits went up: Tom's good-looking face and kindly nature seemed to impart a new element of cheerfulness to them all. George Arde had always liked him from the time he held the little unconscious infant in his arms by the bed where its mother was lying cold and dead, and poor Geoffry sat in a chair against the wall sobbing. The Squire, who had only come into the dining-room to carve, protesting he could not touch a bit, ventured on a morsel of turkey. It tasted so good that he took a larger piece, and then another, and another. His aching head seemed to grow better as if by magic, and he soon felt as well as ever he had in his life. These impromptu meetings are often more gay than premeditated ones. Have you ever observed this? It was the case here. You remember the remark of the good old Vicar of Wakefield in reference to their last-recorded merry meeting: "I don't know whether we had more wit amongst us than usual, but we had certainly more laughter." The laughter at the Squire's table that night might have been heard half way to Hurst Leet. Every countenance was happy, every heart at rest: even Mrs. Arde forgot her semi-doubts, and yielded to the genial and happy influence of the moment. It was one of the merriest Christmases spent that day within the three kingdoms: an evening to be recalled with a thrill; an hour that would stand in the memory as one of unalloyed pleasure, amid the stern realities, the dull cares of later years.

"What was the matter at home this time?" asked Mary of Tom confidentially, when they had a moment to themselves at the end of the drawing-room. "Did my lady really forbid your sitting down to table?"

"She said that either she or I must be away from it. Of course it left me no choice, May."

"But why?"

"Well, the ostensible reason was that I had carried tales to my grandfather—which of course I had not. The real reason was, that she did not want me to be at dinner."

"But why?" again questioned Mary.

"Well, she—she had her own reasons, I conclude," was Tom's not very satisfactory answer, a smile playing about his mouth.

Did Mary guess at the reason? Faintly perhaps. Her face wore a hot blush.

"Tom," she softly said, glancing up through the shade of the long brown eyelashes, "I can't bear Lady Lydia."

"Now, May, that's what I call ingratitude," was his laughing answer. "She says she *adores* you."

"Does she! But, Tom, if I were you I'd not really quarrel with her. She might send you away. I know she's trying for it."

"I know it myself. Sometimes I think she'll do it."

"Would you like to go?"

"Well—no. I'd rather stay where I am. On account of my good old grandfather."

Had it been to save his life he could not have helped the expression that momentarily escaped his blue eyes, meeting hers. It quite plainly said that there was some one else also he would like to stay for. Mary's heart fluttered fifty way in its sense of happiness.

"What are you thinking of, child?" asked Mr. Arde of his daughter, when their guests had departed, and he was lighting his bed candles.

For Mary seemed buried in a profound reverie. She woke out of it with a start at the question.

"Papa, I was thinking how very happy we have been to-night. I was wondering if anything could ever look cloudy again."

Meanwhile the dinner and evening had progressed at Beechhurst Dene. Not so merrily. Sir Dene was out of sorts: the children were troublesome, allowed to take up nearly all the attention—a very mistaken and unpleasant thing at all times to everybody except themselves and their unwise mother. The friends Captain Clanwaring had said might drop in, did so: two of them, getting over from Worcester in a gig. Both were, as Jones, helping Gander to wait at table, expressed it, "milingtary." The one, Major Fife, was at least fifty years of age; and there was something about his height and uprightness, in his clearly-cut features, ay, and more than all in the long, flowing silver beard he wore, that put Sir Dene strongly in mind of Robert Owen, dead nearly five-and-twenty years before. Gander was so struck with the likeness as to be excessively discomposed, for it brought to the man's remembrance that long-past night of his great terror in Harebell Lane. The resemblance was certainly remarkable; but the expression of the two faces wholly different: for while Robert Owen's had been good and winning, Major Fife's was that of a roué; bad altogether. Sir Dene had heard of him as a hard drinker and hard player: in short as bearing no too reputable a character in any way, especially since he quitted the army. The other, Lieutenant Paget, seemed an inoffensive and rather simple young man. But Sir Dene was not pleased that Jarvis should have taken upon himself to introduce these men to his table that evening; he did not care that entire strangers should join the family dinner on Christmas Day. The baronet was of course civilly courteous to them, as in duty bound to be; but his manner had no cordiality in it, and he was very silent. Toast, or the absence of the Ardes, or something else, undoubtedly threw a gloom on the meeting. They were half through dinner before Sir Dene noticed the absence of his favorite grandson. Ay, and in his heart he *was* the favorite, little as my lady or any one else might suspect it.

"Where's Tom?" he exclaimed.

No one answered. He repeated the question loudly and sharply. Lady Lydia could no longer affect not to hear.

"Oh, Tom?—He has gone over to Simmons's, I believe," she carelessly said.

Sir Dene laid down his knife and fork. "To Simmons's!" he repeated, every feature of his still fine countenance hardening to stern expression. "What has taken him there on Christmas night?"

"His low tastes, I conclude," was her hardy reply. "He has that kind of taste for such company, you know, Sir Dene."

"If he has, my lady, it is thanks to you, for it was you who first drove him out to frequent it," was Sir Dene's retort. But nevertheless he felt bitterly vexed at Tom, for absenting himself from dinner on Christmas Day.

Nothing more was said then. In the drawing-room Lady Lydia took occasion to speak a few words in Sir Dene's ear. She intimated that it was *Tom* who had wanted to go and watch in the oak coppice; that he was disappointed at not spending the hours with Simmons, whose company he preferred, and so had gone off to do it at his home. Sir Dene, angry and vexed, went to bed in the belief. He was not feeling well that evening, and disappeared even before the children.

A slight incident occurred to Tom Clanwaring as he came home, which may as well be mentioned. Hurst Leet clock was striking eleven when he turned in at the Dene gates: the air was clear though not cold enough for what is called seasonable Christmas weather, and the sound of the strokes came up distinctly in Tom's ear. Rather to his surprise, as he neared the house, he saw a gig standing before the front door. One of their own grooms was in it, apparently asleep.

"What's this gig here for, James?" he asked of the man.

"It belongs to two gents as come over from Ooster* to dinner, sir," replied the groom, waking up. "Friends o' the captain's," Gander says. "And don't I wish they'd come out," he added, partly to himself. "Stuck in this gig for an hour or two's spell, bain't the work for a Christmas night."

"When all the rest are making themselves comfortable," said Tom, with good-humor.

"That's it, sir," returned the groom, intensely aggravated. "There they be, a roomful o' 'em, men and maids, a-drinking hot punch round the fire; an' Gander a-telling of 'em stories about Inges."

The picture of comfort was so vivid that Tom would not disturb it. Intensely considerate of others, both by nature and because he had been trained to be, was Tom Clanwaring. Instead of ringing a peal on the hall bell, that must have brought forth Gander or one of the others, he turned to go round to the back door, which was never fastened until the last thing. He was just emerging from the privet-walk, the door in view, when a tall young person, showing a profusion of light curls under her bonnet, came in his way. It was Miss Emma Geach, whom we have not met since she was a child.

"Why, Emma!" exclaimed Tom. "Is it you? Do you want anything?"

"Hush, please!" she said, sinking her voice to a whisper. "I was only waiting to —to speak to one o' the servants, Mr. Tom."

"Which of them is it?" he asked, insensibly dropping his voice to assimilate with her tones. "Shall I call—"

"No, I don't want you to call nobody," she quickly interrupted, as if the proposition startled her. "Go on your way and take no notice on me please, Mr. Tom. If he comes out, I shall see him; if he don't, I shall just run back home wi'out it."

The sound of the whispering penetrated to the grove of trees (bare now) at a few paces distance; and Dene Clanwaring and his cousin Otto, strolling about to smoke, looked out to see who might be thus covertly talking. Emma Geach drew back behind the privet hedge to hide herself; Tom went on to the drawing-room.

Jarvis, his two friends, and Lady Lydia were at whist when Tom entered, looking—they could but notice it—rather particularly radiant.

"Hope you have enjoyed your evening with Simmons!" sarcastically spoke Mrs. Letsom. Like Sir Dene, she had thought it very bad taste, even of Tom, to abandon the home party.

"With Simmons!" cried Tom, in surprise. "I have not been with Simmons, Mrs. Letsom."

"No! Well I thought it curious that you should go there on a Christmas night," she rejoined. "Where have you been, then, Tom?"

"Dining at the Hall."

"Where? What?" sharply asked Lady Lydia, in a kind of shrill scream.

"I have been dining with the Ardes, Lady Lydia. A right merry evening we've had. The Miss Dickereens were there."

Grave as a judge was his face as he told it: never a ghost of a smile did it wear, to betray that he knew what the announcement must be to her. She made no answer; only bit her quivering lips. The captain threw down his cards as if something stung him, and his eyes were an evil look as he turned them full on Tom Clanwaring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

* Worcestershire patois for Worcester.

## HOW THEY DO IT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Where there is so much smoke there must be *some* fire."

The speaker was a large masculine-looking woman, who had just been regaling the unwilling ears of a neighbor with some village gossip about a young girl born and brought up in their midst; and the quotation was called forth by the declared purpose of her more charitable neighbor, never to believe harm of others, *and especially of her own sex*, from mere village tattle.

And of all the dull old saws, made to do the dirty work of evil minded, would-be-wise-acres, it seems to me that this is one of the most detestable; for from the very reason that the statement is literally true, is the application the more dangerous—a fact well known, by-the-way, to those carrion birds who feed on scandal; indeed, they are altogether too sharp to make a statement that is absolutely false; their bump of caution is too largely developed for that. But, when they have fixed upon a victim, some joyous, sunny creature, usually, whom, true to their mean natures, they hate, because they envy; they adroitly stir up a mixture of truth and falsehood, on the principle observed by the pharmacist when he sugar-coats his pills, the nauseous part, the pith of the whole matter, being entirely concealed by the sugar which makes it palatable; for this purpose they watch every movement of the unsuspecting girl, until some act of imprudence, or unguarded word sets their venomous tongues to running; and then the thing is handed around, receiving a touch here and there, till finally the patentee himself, is scarcely able to recognise his invention.

Then, the poor girl is astonished to find herself avoided by some, sneered at by others, and receiving the "cold-shoulder" from all. She does not understand it. She begins to inquire about it; and, poor foolish creature! attempts to trace it up. Alas! why does she not know that it is utterly impossible to find a beginning to that which has no end—viz—what "They say." Every step she takes she goes deeper and deeper into the dark mire of scandal, while the spectators stand afar off, with curious, unsympathizing gaze, and folded hands, crying "Live it down."

Right here comes in the one for the philanthropic portion of this precious crew. With smooth, plausible voices they express polite commiseration, at the same time that they are socially beheading the poor victim, by giving her the cut direct in public, and patronizing coolness in private; all with the air of a martyr, as much as to say: "Behold, ye, my righteousness! While my justice condemns, mercy still constrains me to pity."

One favorite expression of these people I have heard repeated many times; and it never fails to arouse my indignation as it did the first time. It was in the house of God, and as the congregation were passing down the aisle, after the benediction had been pronounced upon all (no one forgotten); and the words were addressed by one aristocrat to another, and the glance accompanying them sufficiently pointed the remark.

"I hate to *forget* anybody," she said, glancing toward a meek, intellectual face which had just lighted up with a smile, preparing to recognise her former acquaintance, only to have that light instantly extinguished by the cold, unfamiliar stare she received in return.

Yes, you hate to forget anybody, and yet you spoke in a tone anything but regretful. And why do you forget her? What has she done? Let me tell you. She has tried to act out herself her *nobler* self; to let her soul expand in the broad sunlight of a generous growth; she has tried to train her moral and mental nature in spite of conservatism and the charitable Madam Grundy. To this end she has sought the company of those who could assist her, perfectly oblivious to the *delicate* motives that would be attributed to her by the ultra moralist, and his aider and abettor, the narrow-minded scandal-monger. Was it her fault that such companionship could but seldom be found among those of her own sex? Is she to blame that so few of the fairer ones of the human race have seen fit to cultivate their brains as well as their complexions? And where will she go for the food her starving soul craves, when she has sought in vain for intellectual companionship among her sisters, if not to her brothers? I do not mean to say there are none among her sister women who have chosen the better part; no, thank God! There are a few bright and honorable exceptions to the general rule, who refuse to "sell their birthright for a mess of pottage," otherwise jewels, silks, and laces; but the proportion is so very small that they are but seldom thrown together, scattered, as they are, over the broad bounds of society. Now, where must genius look for sympathy, if not where it is appreciated? And if that appreciation comes from one of an opposite sex, what of it? Yes, what of it? Alas! the unfortunate sister, who has made such a grand mistake, can tell you. American society, at large, can see but one reason for the commingling of the sexes, and woe be to the sensible woman who has a "ninny" for a husband! Henceforth she must literally starve in the very midst of the "Feast of reason," with the viands, like Tantalus's cup, just upon her lips. And woe! woe!! woe!!! to her who has the temerity to reach forth her hand, and partake under such circumstances. This is what she has done, whom *you* feel compelled to *forget!* And why do you forget her? I ask you again, and this question, also, I answer.

It is because the small-souled have envied her, and *you*, glad of an excuse to gratify your innate love of dominance, do not care to inquire into the cause of the effect that pleases you so well.

Then forget her if you wish; you need feel no compunctions of conscience about it, for she does not need you in the least, since you cannot add to her growth, nor lead her mind into higher paths. But pray do not trouble yourself to make an apology about it. Just let her alone, and she with good reason may well thank you for the same; for who does not know that scandal grows by that which it feeds upon. Drop the matter, and it will die a natural death.

But such, alas! is not the general plan, and thousands of once sunny skies have been overclouded with thickest gloom, beginning with a fleecy speck at first "not larger than a man's hand"—or a woman's tongue for that matter.

Dryden says:—

"Woman's honor
Is nice as ermine—will not bear a soil."

Now do you suppose any lady who is so fortunate as to possess that beautiful article, ermine, would allow her chimney-sweep to handle it, and perhaps hold it up for the inspection of his companions? Indeed not. But how is it about this other ermine which is far more valuable? Fair maiden, do you guard the latter with half the jealous care you do the former? It makes me shudder when I hear a young girl say, "*I* do not care *what* they say!" It is better to care. For, far better, even though they are villains for saying it. For alas! the unclean hands will leave a stain. "She has been talked about," is a sad fact, even though we may add that the talk was all untrue. The sunbeam, which goes through pollution unpolluted, though it may do in poetry and is a most beautiful simile, yet, like many other beautiful doctrines, its sophistry is all the more dangerous on that account. The sunbeam is celestial, and may do for celestial beings, but there is an old proverb, which though perhaps not quite so poetical, methinks is far safer for terrestrial application, viz: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." And what can possibly contain more of evil than contact with a tattler? Heaven forfend us! it seems, indeed, the very acme of human degradation. Humiliation from which there is absolutely no hope; for should any essay to defend the poor unfortunate, they are met by the ever ready and unanswerable argument, "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire."

Shame! shame! "In the image of God created He them." Are you really the descendants of one made in the image of God and know no more of justice and mercy than that? "In what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again" "Judge not, that ye be not judged." But what is the use of quoting Scripture to such people? For, verily, methinks as Abraham answered the rich man, they will not be persuaded though one arose from the dead to preach to them. Again I say shame!

MOUSE-IN-THE-CORNER.

☞ Boston has a peculiar law case, and the Judges disagree. John Platt, silversmith, had a heavy balance at the Second National; John Platt, blacksmith, (no relation,) hadn't any balance anywhere. Nevertheless, John the blacksmith drew a check for five thousand dollars, signing his own name in his own handwriting, and, presenting it at the Second National, drew the silversmith's money. That is the whole of the story. For what shall the blacksmith be punished?

☞ Miss Carlotta Patti will soon return to the United States. Adelina Patti will not come to America until next year.

☞ Through tickets to go round the world" are for sale in London for $1,250.

☞ Isinglass is corrupted from the Dutch *huysenblas*, an air-bladder, compounded of *huysen*, to hoist, and *blas*, a bladder; it being chiefly prepared from the sounds, swimms, or bladders, of sturgeon.

### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—6000 bbls sold at from $5.25@5.50 for superfine; $5.75@6.25 for extra; $6.00@6.50 for Penna extra family; $6.50@7.50 for Northwest extra family; $6.50@7.50 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $7.75@8.50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5.50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—10,000 bus Delaware red sold at $1.40@1.45, 600 bus white at $1.60; 20,000 bus Western red $1.48@1.51; 5000 bus Penna red at $1.40@1.48, and amber at $1.55@1.60. Rye—Sales of 1000 bus at $1.00@1.05. Corn—Sales of 80,000 bus Western mixed at 71@72c, and 10,000 bus Penna and Delaware yellow at 74@75c ₩ bus. Oats—Sales of 70,000 bus at 61@63c for mixed, and 64@65c ₩ bus for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $15.50@16 ₩ bbl. Warehouse's city packed extra Mess Beef at $17.50. Beef Hams $25@28. Bacon—Sales of plain sugar-cured city smoked hams at 14@15c; canvased Western at 14@16c; Excelsior hams at 16c; sides at 8¼@10c, and shoulders at 7¼@7¾c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12@13c; sides at 7¼@8¼c, and shoulders, in salt, at 6¾@6¾c. Lard—Sales at 10@10¾c for city and Western and steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of factory at 10@12c. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 19@18c, and choice grades at 20@22c. Eggs sell at 20@22c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—850 bales of middlings sold at 21@21¼c ₩ ₩ for upland and New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $32 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $13 to $16 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX—Yellow at 33@35c ₩ ₩.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—the former may be quoted at 3¼@7c, and the latter at 11@13c for halves.

HOPS at 13@16c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, $1.60@1.75 ₩ 100 lbs; mixed do. $1.40@1.50; Straw, $1.50@1.60.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 800 tons No 1 Foundry at $25; 500 tons No. 2 at $23; and Grey Forge at $22.25 ₩ ton. Bar is worth $75, and Scotch Pig $31@32.50 ₩ ton. Nails at $4.75 ₩ keg.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2980 head. The prices realized from 7¼@8 cents ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $30 to $55 ₩ head. Sheep—18,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@6c ₩ lb. 2200 Hogs sold at from $6.00 to $6.75 ₩ 100 lbs.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE. Giving the Derivation, Source, or Origin of Common Phrases, Allusions, and Words that Have a Tale to Tell. By the Rev. E. COBHAM BREWER, LL. D., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, author of "Guide to Science," "Guide to Everyday Knowledge," &c. This is a work of 979 pages, and full of interest alike to the author, student, and would-be well informed man. It is good both for perusal and for reference. You meet with a phrase or allusion in the course of your reading that you do not understand; for instance, you are reading the foreign news, and come across the word "*Carbonari*"—you turn to this volume, and you find the explanation. So with hundreds of words and phrases, which even a generally well-informed man may be ignorant of. For instance, how many know that *abandon* meant originally to desert your colors, or that *church* meant a circle, probably from the fact that the ancient German and Celtic places of worship, like Stonehenge, &c., were circular? Then again, why does Hamlet call the ghost old "True-penny?" Or what is the origin of such phrases as "mare's nest," "kick the bucket," a "kettle of fish," "Judas-Tree" and "Fox glove?" Sir Walter Scott says, "I submitted, like Dorax, with a swelling heart." Who was Dorax? And where does the phrase "The Devil and Tom Walker" come from? In fact, for all those who crave knowledge, this is a most interesting and valuable work. Every writer for the public, old or young, especially, should have a copy. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY. Published by GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 41 Park Row, New York. This large and handsomely printed volume contains accurate lists of all the periodicals published in the United States and British possessions, together with a description of the towns and cities in which they are published.

THE YOUNG DELIVERERS OF PLEASANT COVE. By ELIJAH KELLOGG. This is another of the popular Pleasant Cove Series. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY. Notes of Two Courses of Lectures before the Royal Institute of Great Britain. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL. D., F. R. S., author of "Heat as a Mode of Motion." "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS. By MARK BOYD. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE LAST ALDINI. A Love story. By GEORGE SAND, author of "Consuelo," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE JEWISH COOKERY BOOK. By MRS. ESTHER LEVY, ("Nee" Esther Jacobs.) The publisher states that this is the only Jewish Cookery Book published in the world, and that it is in every particular correct. As the first publication of the kind, this book merits more than ordinary attention, independent of its intrinsic value as a Household Manual of domestic economy and culinary art. The authoress, Mrs. Levy, has been most careful in giving no receipts not sanctioned by previous judgment and experience. Published by W. S. Turner, Philadelphia. Price $2.

YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD. Second Series. Up the Baltic; or, Young America in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By WILLIAM T. ADAMS, (Oliver Optic,) author of "Outward Bound," "Shamrock and Thistle," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepherd & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

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☞ Both General von Moltke and Prince Frederick Charles, the two great commanders of the Prussian armies in France, are among the best chess-players in Germany, while Bismarck is not only a very indifferent player, but also gets easily impatient when defeated.

☞ A majority of the clergymen of the Church of England now accept the doctrines of modern geology without reservation.

☞ It is reported in St. Petersburg that the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, previous to his recent departure for Germany, took a solemn pledge to abstain entirely from the use of spirituous liquors. The German courts have been privately informed of this, and, in consequence, no wine will be offered to anybody at the repasts at which the Czar is present. Very doubtful.

☞ WOODEN PAVEMENTS.—Wooden pavements are at a discount in New York. They are said to need continual repair, are very slippery in wet or dry weather, once displaced are uneven and unsightly; and finally, are enormously expensive.

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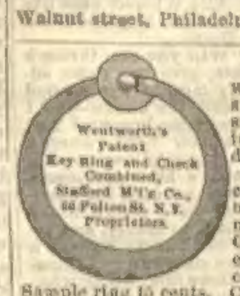


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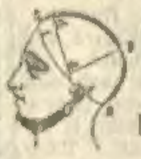

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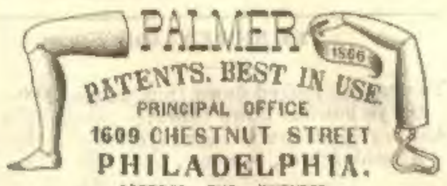


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## WIT AND HUMOR.

### YE SERENADE.

Ye mayden looked down from her lattyce
  On ye howlers down below,
As they stood tunin their voyces
  At midnightte, in a row.

In a row beneath her lattyce,
  With ye tenor at ye head—
A pallyd youth who ought to have
  Been "Put in hys lyttle bed!"

And now ye viols sounded,
  And ye flute on ye midnightte air;
And dysmal noyses went wailing out
  From him of ye swarthy hair.

He called her hys sun, hys light, hys star,
  And lykened her to ye moon;
And ye viols and flute and light guitar
  Took up and echoed ye tune.

And ye longer he sung ye louder
  Hys voice was pyched and hygher;
He clasped hys hands where hys heart should be,
  And, in verse, swore hys heart was on fyre!

Then ye mayden smyled a pensive smyle,
  And went to her lyttle stand,
And appeared in whyte at ye lattyce
  With an ewer in each hand.

Then ye howlers grew more frantic!
  And fiercer ye music grew!
But onto their heads cold water
  She very deftly threw.

Ye fyre was quenched, and ye tumult
  Was over and all was styll,
And naught was seen of ye bowlers,
  But their coat-tayls over ye hyll!

## HACKING A TOURIST:

### AN EXPERIENCE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

A correspodent writes: When I first got to Niagara the hack drivers took a fancy to me. They chased me up so that at one time there were at least twenty of them in a line, all anxious to do me a favor. It was a queer-looking sight. If I hadn't known I was alive, I would have thought I was a corpse at the head of a funeral procession.

Niagara is a nice place to get rid of money. It is full of feather fans with stuffed birds in the middle of them, alabaster whistles, squaws, bead moccasins, canes, cut out of the falls, eaglets stuffed with straw, owls chock full of hay, little birds that wish they were alive, two cents' worth of ice-cream for a quarter of a dollar, and such like. You can buy ten cents' worth of anything at Niagara by just paying one dollar for it.

This is the greatest place in the world for bridal couples; they are always here with orange blossoms growing around the women's heads, and the men done up in black broadcloth, all very susceptible, and all green—very, very green. I'll tell you something about a bridle couple, not a bridal couple. A pair of hack horses are a bridle couple, and it's about a pair of hack horses I have to write. A fellow who had one of these teams started a conversation with me, and we conversed together thusly:

"Take a ride?" "No." "To Goat Island?" "No." "Lunar Island?" "No." "Suspension Bridge?" "No." "Rapids?" "No." "Whirlpool?" "No." "Devil's Hole?" "No." "Horse Shoe Fall?" "No." "Clifton House?" "No."

You see I'd been to all those places, and I didn't sour much to go to them some more. I hadn't been to Lundy's Lane, and when he said "Lundy's Lane," says I, "who is Lundy?"

"Why," said he, "there is where the American eagle soard aloft, and with one fell swoop plucked a tuft from the mane of the British lion."

"No," said I.

"Yes," said he.

"Have they preserved the tuft?" I asked.

He said they had.

"What became of old Lundy?" said I.

"Alas!" he replied, "he sleeps beneath the sod."

Then we wept—the hack driver and me. He wept for old Lundy, and I wept for the sod. It was a picture, it was. It ought to be did up in wax.

Says I, "How much to do Lundy?"

"Well," says he, "seeing it's you, I'll take you there for a dollar—and you couldn't go for less than that in a wheelbarrow."

I got into his vehicle, and going out every thing was all hunkey. It was two or three patches of grass with rail fences around them, one brindle cow with a fence around her, and a country road. The driver said he guessed I had better pay. So I gave him a dollar bill painted green on the back.

"Why," said he, "we are in Canada, and I want gold."

"Says I, "I haven't got no gold."

He said I was a sickly-looking cuss what had come to the Falls for my health. So he squared himself and doubled up two fists that looked like lager beer kegs, and said:

"You little withered cuss you, if you don't come down with a quarter extry, I'll punch your snoot."

My snoot feels better when it ain't punched; so I came down with the quarter. Then I said, "I guess I've got enough of Lundy," and I went to get into his wagon, when he yelled out—

"What in thunder are you doing?"

I said, "Getting in."

"Well," said he, "that is cool! You had better get out again darned quick."

Then he broke the news to me very gently that he had agreed to bring me out for a dollar, and the price for going back would be five dollars.

"No," said I.

"Yes," said he.

"Then I'll walk," said I.

"Walk and be darned!" said he.

He got up on his old rattle box, and commenced to move, and I commenced to move. I looked like one twelfth dozen mourners at a hack funeral. He talked to me thusly:

"Hot, ain't it? Ever see so much dust before? Going to shower soon."

Up came the clouds, and down came the rain. I had walked a mile, and I said, "I guess I'll get in." I gave him five dollars.

Said he, "Give me another dollar."

I told him he agreed to take me for five dollars.

"Oh," said he, "it was pleasant then, but you see it is raining now."

I gave him the money—and finally reached the hotel; and I don't take no hacks no more.

A VISITOR FROM FOREIGN PARTS.

A LOGICAL DEDUCTION.

Uncle (just returned from Europe, to Bessie.)—"Ah, I don't suppose you know who *I* am!"

Bessie.—"I've seen you before, though!"

Uncle.—"I don't know how you could do that. Where did you see me?"

Bessie.—"At the menagerie!"

## NOISY WOMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I was visiting a lady friend not long ago. There were four or five more ladies in the same house. One afternoon I went away to visit some other acquaintances, and did not return till after ten o'clock that night. There was a lecture that evening, but of course being absent, I did not attend. The other ladies did, however. But I must not get ahead of my story.

As I neared my destination that night, I heard strange sounds. I asked my companion what he supposed they were. He listened a moment, and said he guessed the Germans were having a peace jubilee somewhere in the city, and it was their shouts and revelry that we could hear.

As we approached my friend's residence the sounds became louder. They were strange, incoherent, peculiar sounds. My companion listened again and said he guessed there must be a fire somewhere, and the people were making a great uproar.

"Why, it sounds like caged animals," said I. "Isn't there a travelling menagerie somewhere around?"

"It does sound like wolves or something," said my companion, again listening.

We went on a little farther, and we discovered that the sounds proceeded from my friend's house.

"They are in here," said my companion in an excited whisper. "What do you suppose it is?"

"I don't know," said I. "It can't be that wild animals are in the house."

"It may be midnight assassins," suggested he; "and it is the agonized wail and pleadings of the victims we hear."

Just then a loud, hysterical peal of laughter burst out.

"No," said I, "or they wouldn't laugh like that. It must be a crazy man or woman. Some maniac has gained entrance."

"What shall we do?" asked he.

"Come into the parlor," said I, "and I will ascertain what the trouble is."

My friend came in, and sat down.

"Let me go with you," he said, as I took a hand lamp and turned to leave the room. "I fear you will be harmed alone."

"Oh! no," said I. "I shall not let myself be seen until I have discovered the cause of this uproar; and then, if your assistance is needed, I will call for you." I opened the chamber door softly and crept up the stairs.

The sounds grew louder and louder. They were strange, disjointed, disconnected, incoherent sounds, a thousand voices in one, it seemed now dying low, now breaking out anew, loud, harsh, awful, blood-curdling sounds of discord. On the second landing, I paused. The sounds proceeded from a room upon the right, *My* room, and I paused, peeping cautiously through a crack in the door. And what do you think I saw. Germans, celebrating the Peace Proclamation! No! People roasting alive in scorching flames? No! A menagerie of wild beasts? No! Midnight assassins, and murdered victims weltering in blood? No! none of these, but four slender, mild-eyed, good-looking young ladies, seated in that room, and all talking at once. I opened the door and went in.

"For heaven's sake what is the matter," I cried.

"Matter?" they echoed; "why nothing, only we've been to the star lecture of the season, and you never in your life heard its equal. We've been sitting here half an hour, waiting for you, and talking over about that lecture. Oh, it was just splendid! He said—" and then the four all opened battery upon me, each telling me a different thing, in a different key, until I fled from the room in alarm. I went down to my companion.

"I heard a fresh outburst just now," he said excitedly, "and I feared you had been discovered, and assailed. For heaven's sake *what* is it?"

"It is the girls."

"The girls?"

"Yes, sir," I answered demurely. "It is four young ladies who are visiting here, and they were talking over the pleasant evening they have spent. Upon my honor, their tongues made all the noise we have heard."

My companion took his hat, and left.

And now, Mr. Editor, I hope that this o'er true tale will be a warning to young ladies, and old ladies too, for that matter. Girls have no idea how their shrill voices sound, when they get excited. It amazes me, when I think of the noise those four small women made with their tongues. But they were all excitement over the lecture, and all talking at one time, and each voice was pitched in a different key, and each one raised her voice a notch higher every time a new idea struck her; and so, take it all together, they made an uproar. They actually looked indignant, and didn't believe me, when I told them what a fright they gave me. Thought I was "romancing," after my habit, and advised me to leave off story-writing, if I could not keep fiction out of everyday life. They had no idea that they could be heard out of their room. And so I say to the girls and women, take heed, and moderate your voices, especially in the night, for I would not have another person get such a fright as I did.

### A Sharp Trick.

The sharpers are not confined to Christian lands or the Christian races. The Friend, of India, has the following report of a case which came before the Commissioner of Police at Calcutta. A Mohammedan keeping a barber's shop in Dhurrumtollah street was visited by a decently-dressed native, who, after being attended to, asked the barber if he would take care of his *hubble-bubble* till he returned from the bazar. The native had not been long away when a rajah entered the shop, and said, "What is that you have there?" pointing to the *hookah*.

"The article is not mine," replied the barber.

The rajah said that he would give one hundred rupees for it.

The barber replied that he would let him know whether he could sell it or not, in a few hours. Shortly after, customer No. 1 came in.

"Will you sell that *hookah?*" asked the barber.

"I don't mind, if I obtain a good price," was the answer.

"Will you take fifty rupees?"

"No, I could not accept less than sixty rupees."

"All right," said the barber, "here you are," and the sixty rupees were paid. It is needless to add that customer No. 2 never called to see the barber again.

### The Swearing Parrot.

Two friendly neighbors bought each of them a parrot. That of Mrs. A. was a bird of grave deportment, who had been taught to speak very proper words. That of Mrs. B. was an impious fellow, for his language abounded in bad words. Now Mrs. B. felt quite shocked at the irreverent talk of her parrot, and prevailed on her friend to allow the grave parrot to pay a visit to the swearer, in hope of reclaiming the rogue by good example. The two birds stayed together for about a month; but imagine the consternation of good Mrs. A., on the return of her more grave and decorous bird, to hear him swearing terribly. The fact is, that, instead of teaching he has been learning, and from that sad day his language was as bad as that of his scapegrace associate.

Let all our scholars learn from this that although they have never been guilty of profaneness, nor of speaking foul and unclean words, yet if they keep company with wicked boys who delight in swearing, they will soon be likely to indulge in profane swearing; for "evil communications corrupt good manners."—*D. Nash.*

### Two Dogs.

A narrow log lay as a bridge over a ravine. From the opposite end of the log, at the same moment, there started to cross it a big Newfoundland and a little Italian greyhound. Of course they met in the middle; of course there was not room for them to pass, neither could they go back. The height was a dangerous one for the greyhound, and to the water at the bottom he was extremely averse. The Newfoundland could have taken the leap in safety, but evidently did not want to. There was a fix! The little dog sat down on his haunches, stuck his nose straight up in the air, and howled. The Newfoundland stood intent, his face solemn with inward workings. Presently he gave a nudge with his nose to the howling greyhound—as if to say, "Be still, youngster, and listen." Then there was silence and seeming confabulation for a moment or two. Immediately the big dog spread his legs wide apart like a Colossus, bestriding the log on its extreme outer edges, and balancing himself carefully. The little dog sprang through the opening like a flash. When they reached the opposite shore, the greyhound broke into frantic gambols of delight, and the Newfoundland, after his more sedate fashion, expressed great complacency in his achievement—as he surely had a right to do!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received quite a number of poems in answer to the one called "God Wills it So," published several weeks ago. Our limited space, however, will not permit us to publish more than the specimens already presented.

M. T. (New Hope, Pennsylvania) says: "Perhaps you will answer a question or two for me, though perhaps you will think I am impertinent. But I do so like to know about the authors whom I read. Will you tell me if the name of your new contributor, Burr Thornbury, is a real or assumed one? My own name is Thornbury, but I am afraid "Burr" is no relation of mine. Also, does Ella Wheeler live in the West or does she only pretend to. *She* won't object to your answering this question—for some time ago in an article in the *Post*, she admitted that it was natural and proper to desire to know about favorite authors. Again, how is *Dane* pronounced? (one or two syllables?" 1. The name "Burr Thornbury," is an assumed name. When the writer wishes his real name to appear, doubtless he will attach it to his articles. 2. Ella Wheeler does live in the West—in Wisconsin. 3. Dane is pronounced in one syllable, as if written Dean.

JULIA (Albany) writes: "Will you not, through your answers to correspondents, give me some advice, which I sadly need. My mother has treated me badly and ordered me to leave the house—and I was foolish enough to run away from home. I had money enough to take me to New York, where a gentleman had promised me work, giving me his directions. At the depot I met a kind gentleman who assured me that there was no such establishment in New York, and advised me to return home. I was much distressed, as I had no money, and no place to go to, but he was so kind as to buy me a ticket to Philadelphia, and give me a letter of introduction to his mother. I am there now, doing what work I can, but am very unhappy. I want to go home to my mother, but I am afraid to. Do be so kind as to tell me what to do, as I am not able just now to judge for myself." Go home by all means, and without a moment's delay. You have acted very unwisely, and have escaped great danger, greater perhaps than you imagine. You know not what distress of mind your hasty action may have given your mother; and you have laid yourself open to misconception which will only grow stronger the more you delay your return home. You will probably find, to your cost, that one cannot lightly break social laws, and will need to be very discreet hereafter if you would escape the consequences of your foolish act.

W. C. (Forksville) writes: "Encouraged by your kind answers to correspondents, I venture to ask your advice. I am receiving the visits of a gentleman friend, for whom I have great respect though no feeling that can be called love—nor does he love me. He is an educated and highly intelligent man, and I find his companionship both agreeable and useful to me. But is it quite proper that I should keep the company of a gentleman under these circumstances. Will not people misinterpret the matter, and credit us with intentions of which we have no thought?" There is no special impropriety in such visits, nor is the world silly enough to declare that love shall be the only basis of social intercourse between man and woman. Still, in your case, this companionship may not be altogether advisable. His presence, now so agreeable to you, may soon become necessary. "Friendship is love without his wings," you know, and perhaps the wings are sprouting, unfelt by you. If your feelings should blossom into love, and his friendship bear no flowers, you might yet reap unhappiness from this gentleman's society.

BLOOM (Chester) says: "I am 19. My lady-love 18. I have known her for several years past, but have never met her family. My elder brother finds fault with my visits to her, as I do not know her parents. He uses a number of arguments, which may be sound enough, but of which I cannot see the force. I do not feel like giving up the lady, yet do not wish to act with impropriety, and would be grateful for your advice, as to whether I shall take my brother's judgment or my own." If your brother advances arguments which you acknowledge to be sound, but which have no force with you, it would be of little use for us to try to convince you against your inclination. If the main difficulty is that you do not know her parents, why not become acquainted with them as soon as possible? You are "owful young to marry yet," and may safely wait till your judgment is more matured before troubling yourself about love matters.

JAMES (Philada.) says: "I have been but a short time acquainted with a young lady, yet long enough to love her and wish to marry her. The trouble is I am out of employment, and unable to support her. What would you advise me to do?" To get employment, feather your nest well, and then bring home your bird. Don't prove in your case the truth of the old saying: "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." If your love is reciprocated, she will be willing to wait a reasonable time for your prospects to improve. If unwilling, bid her God speed after a new lover, and thank fortune that you are well rid of her.

NEWLITE (Newark, N. J.) says: "What is the character of falling stars? Are they tangible matter, or mere 'Wills of the Wisp' of space?" They are undoubtedly similar to the meteorites that frequently fall to the earth. These are found to consist of Iron, Nickel, and other metallic and stony substances. The light is caused by friction in passing through the atmosphere, which produces intense heat.

B. B. (New Goshen, Ind.) asks: "Will you please answer the following questions: 1st. Will you publish my poem, if acceptable? 2d. When a lady makes you a fashionable call, is it etiquette to invite her to lay aside her wraps? 3d. If a gentleman calls, should you take his hat?" 1st. We cannot find room for all the poems we receive—but select those we deem the best for publication. Long poems, however good, it is difficult to find room for. 2d. It is not etiquette to invite a lady making a fashionable call to lay aside her "wraps." 3d. It would be perfectly correct to offer to take the gentleman's hat, should he bring it into the reception room, which he would not be likely to do, if a hat-rack or stand were in the hall or entry.

WILLIAM (Pittsburg) asks: "What is the best kind of ring for an engagement ring, a plain gold or a diamond ring?" That depends entirely on your taste and means; and on the lady's wishes, if she be consulted. It does not matter, so far as etiquette goes, which you use. Presents are, or should be, valued more for the feeling prompting them than for their intrinsic value, and plain gold will answer the purpose quite as well as diamond, with the advantage of being less ostentatious. If it is a diamond, it should be a *solitaire*.

JENNIE BROWN (Cincinnati) writes: "I have long been an admirer of THE POST, and am glad to see that you have increased its attractions by adding a new department. Will you be kind enough to give me some good advice. I have treated a gentleman very rudely, in a moment of pique. I am afterward that I had done wrong, and at once made the fullest apology in my power. But he rejects my apology and persists in considering himself aggrieved. I am sure I don't know what other reparation to make, though I am anxious not to be thought ill of. Can you point out to me any better course of action than that I have taken? If you can I will be fervently obliged to you?" You can do nothing more without losing more than you will gain. Your apology should fully relieve your mind of its weight of humiliation, and his refusal to accept it lays the burden of rudeness on him. There is nothing easier than to be rude, nothing more difficult than to apologize. By so doing you have acted nobly, and his behavior has placed him beneath your respect.

MADELINE (Reading) says: "Who was Seppho? In what country was she born, and for what is she famous?" Sappho was a distinguished poetess of ancient Greece, whose love songs gained her the highest celebrity. She was born in the island of Lesbos, about 600 years B. C. Her works consisted of nine books of Lyric verses, besides epigrams, &c. Of these but two fragments remain, which have considerable merit.

EGO GEO (Enterprise, S. C.) writes: "1st. There is a word the pronunciation of which lies between base, basis, and baloe. Is this word a corruption from a foreign language, local in its use, or pure slang? It means, to be on a drunken spree. 2d. What ink, next to black, is the most lasting?" It would be very difficult to trace the etymology of the word referred to without knowing its precise spelling. There is no English word resembling it, and if from a foreign tongue it is probably changed so as to be beyond recognition. 2d. A good article of carmine ink is very durable, more so than many black inks in common use.

J. S. B (Lake, Miss.,) writes: "Please let me know if you can, in your next number, what has become of Dr. Livingstone (David Living-tone, I think,) the African Explorer and Missionary?" The fate of Dr. Livingstone is entirely unknown, though great hope is entertained that he still lives, being detained by some of the savage chiefs in Central Africa. Sir R. Murchison has received letters from him of so late date as May, 1868, while the latest possible date of the story that he was burnt as a wizard is February, 1869. There has been no direct communication from him since, but he has been indirectly heard from, and is probably still living.

An Arkansas planter, who has carefully noted the work of about sixty Chinamen, reports that they are better cotton pickers than the negroes, and that they are very industrious and obedient, and at the same time cleanly in their habits and persons. They work for fifteen dollars a month and board, and live principally on rice and molasses.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### The Ardennes Dog.

The dog of the Ardennes accompanies the flock when it leaves the pen-fold in spring, only to return when the winter's snow drives the sheep home again for shelter. Each shepherd possesses one or two of these dogs, according to the size of his flock, to act as sentinels. Their office is not to run about and bark, and keep the sheep in order, but to protect them from outside foes. When the herdsman has gathered his flock in some rich valley, these white, shaggy monsters crouch upon the ground, apparently half asleep; but now and then the great, sagacious eyes will open, and passing over the whole of their charge, remain for awhile fixed on the distant horizon, as though they followed a train of thought which led them away from earth—so sadly do they gaze into the infinite. But let the mountain breeze bear to his ever-moving nostril the scent of the hated wolf, or his quick ear detect an unknown noise: then is the time to see one of the dogs in his glory. His eyes become black with fierceness; his hair stands erect; his upper lip becomes wrinkled, showing a range of white, formidable teeth, while a low growl alone escapes from his throat. When his keen faculties have detected the whereabout of his foe, he rushes forward with a bound that overleaps all obstacles, and a bark that echoes from all the surrounding hills. Every dog of the like breed that may be near takes up the note, and rushes gleaming through the brushwood to join in the attack. Tender as the childhood he protects, woe to him who dare lift a hand on one of the little ones with whom he has been brought up. It is not he who buys him who is his master; it is he who fed him when a pup, who played and shared his pittance with him—he it is who has his love, and who reciprocates his faithful affection.—*Overland Monthly.*

### Remedy for Colic in Horses.

This morning I had a horse attacked with "colic," as farmers and horse-owners often have; and as the cure I used in this instance has proved the best thing ever tried by me, and as I have used it many times with success, I concluded that so perfect and *simple* a cure should be made known in the columns of your paper. As soon as the animal is discovered to be unwell, get some common table salt (a pint or so) and place on the back immediately at the point where the backbone and hips unite, and sprinkle with water from a basin or pail every few minutes until the salt dissolves. Then apply again as before, and leave the horse with the damp salt on the back. This has cured the most inveterate cases, and I have never seen it fail. Whoever uses it may *depend* on a cure.—P. W. S., *in Rural New Yorker.*

PETROLEUM in its crude state, applied to the points of attack on sheep suffering from scab, will effectually kill the insect that originates the disease and the eggs or nits which it lodges in the wool. The remedy is a safe and cheap one, and a sure cure.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Metagram.

I am composed of three letters and am a body of water.
Change my first and I am a period of time.
Change it again and I am light-hearted.
Change it again and I am a species of fodder.
Change it again and I am a bird.
Change it again and I am a month.
Change it again and I am a negation.
Change it again and I am a beam of light.
Change it again and I am to recompense.

*Enterprise, S. C.* EGO GEO.

### Word Square.

A landing place.
Land surrounded by water.
Horned animals.
To be quiet or still.

### Problem.

If I draw a rhomb, the distance between whose obtuse angles shall be six feet, and whose area shall be equal to twenty-four square feet, what shall be the length of its sides?

☞ An answer is requested.

*Enterprise, S. C.* EGO GEO.

### Conundrums.

☞ When is a hen most likely to hatch? Ans.—When she is in earnest (her nest).

☞ Why is a clergyman like a locomotive? Ans.—Because you are to look out for him when the bell rings.

☞ Clara asked Tom, "what animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

☞ Why is the letter R very unfortunate? Ans.—Because it is always in trouble, wretchedness, and misery; is the beginning of riot and ruin, and is never found in peace, innocence, or love.

☞ What is the difference between a butcher and a fishmonger? Ans.—One is a joint proprietor, and the other is a sole proprietor.

☞ Why is a schoolmaster like a cobbler? Ans.—Because he improves the understanding.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"Thine eyes are stars of morning;
Thy lips are crimson flowers.
Good night! good-night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours."

WORD SQUARE—

B E E
E R R
E R E.

## RECEIPTS.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN STRAW-MATTING AND OIL-CLOTH.—Tell your readers, writes Mrs. G. E., that if they wish their straw-matting to keep new-looking and bright, they must wash it twice during the summer with salt and water, say about a pint of salt dissolved in half a pailful of warm, soft water, drying the matting quickly with a soft cloth. The salt, she says, will prevent it from turning yellow.

Far away and from quite an opposite quarter, we hear another friendly voice, begging us to say to our readers that after oil-cloth is scrubbed and dried it should be wiped all over with a cloth dipped in milk. "You've no idea," says our friend, "how brightly the colors come out. Husband says it's the albumen in the milk, but I think it's the very thin film of grease deposited. Meantime our oil-cloth shines the whole year through."